



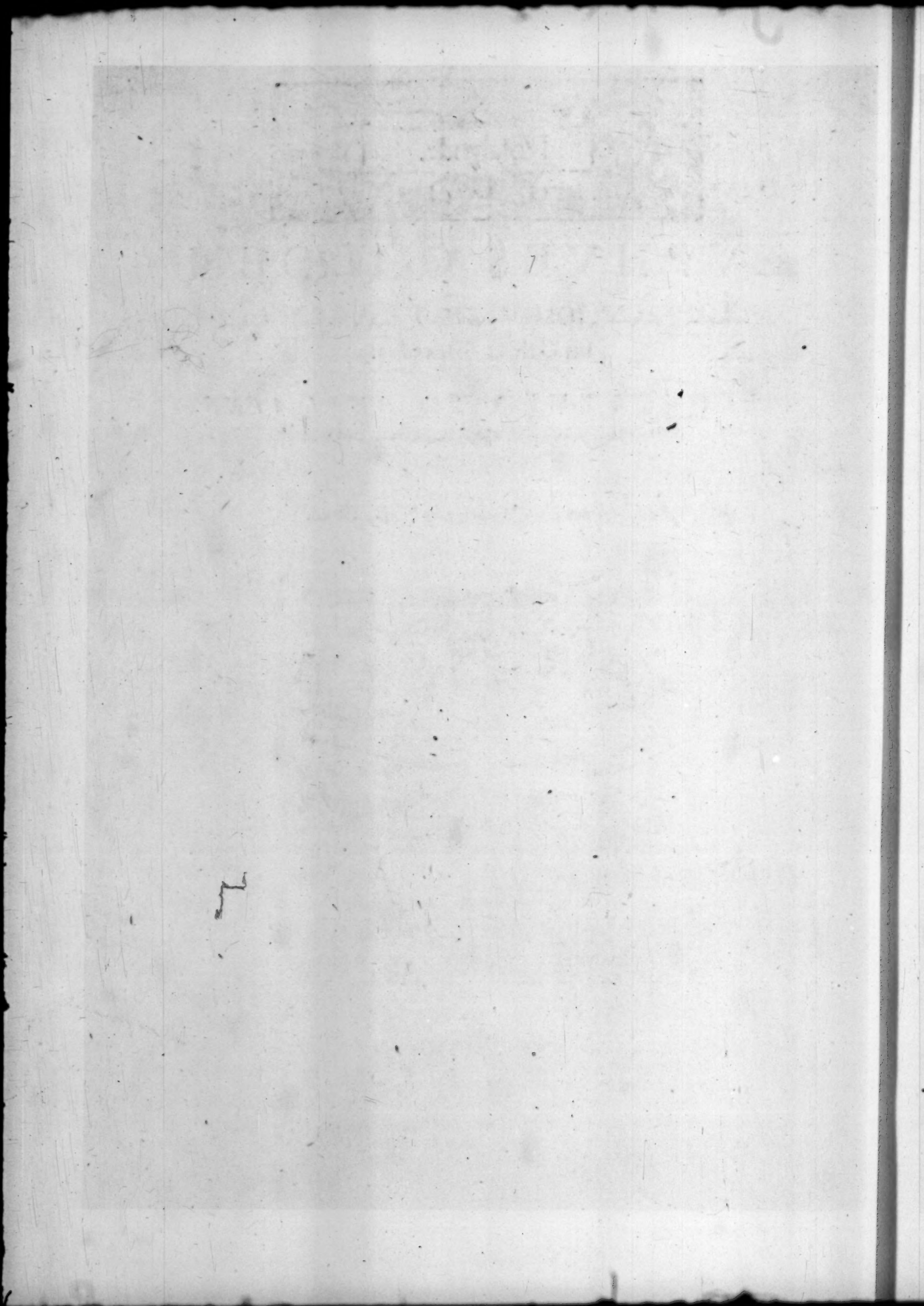
**EVPHVES GOLDEN**  
Legacie, found after his death in  
his Cell at Silexedra.

**BEQVEATHED TO PHILATVS**  
Sonnes, noursed vp with their Father  
in England.

*Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.*



**LONDON**  
Printed for N. Lyng, and T. Gubbins.  
1596,







To the right Honourable and his most  
esteemed Lord the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlaine  
of her *Maiesties* househould, and Gouvernor of her Towne of  
Barwicke: T. L. G. wisheth increase of all  
honorable vertues.



Vch Romaines (right honourable) as delighted in Martiall exploits, attempted their actions in the honour of *Augustus*, because he was a patron of souldiars; & *Virgill* disguised with his poems as a *Moecenas* of schollers, both ioyntlye aduancing his roialtie, as a Prince warlike and learned. Such as sacrifice to *Pallas*, present her with Bayes as shee is wise, and with Armour as shee is valiant: observing heerein that excellent *reprepon*, which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the person. When I entred (right honorable) with a deepe insight into the consideration of these premises, seeing your Lordship to be a Patron of all martiall men, and a *Moecenas* of such as apply themselves to studie: wearing with *Pallas* both the lance and the bay, and aiming with *Augustus* at the fauour of all, by the honorable vertues of your minde beeing my selfe first a student: and afterwards falling from bookes to armes, euen vowed in all my thoughts dutifully to affect your Lordship. Hauing with Captaine *Clarke* made a voiage to the Ilands of *Terceras* and the *Canaries*, to beguile the time with labour, I writte this booke. rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the Ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas. But as it is the worke of a Souldiar and a Scholler, I presumed to shrowde it vnder your Honours patronage: as one that is the fautor and fauorero of all vertuous actions, and whose honorable



### The Epistle Dedicatorie.

rable loues growne from the generall applause of the whole  
commonwealth for your higher deserts, may keepe it from the  
malice of euery bitter tongue. Other reasons more perticuler  
(right Honourable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your  
lordship, as being a Scholler with your noble sonnes, maister  
*Edmund Carew*, and maister *Robert Carew*, (two liens worthy of  
so honorable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honorable fruite)  
as also being scholler in the vniuersitie vnder that learned and  
vertuous knight *Sir Edward Hobby*, when he was Batcheler in  
Artes, a man as well lettered as well borne, and after the Ety-  
mologie of his name, soaring as high as the wings of knowledge  
can mount him, happy euery way, and the more fortunate, as  
blessed in the honor of so vertuous a lady. Thus (right Honou-  
rable) the dutie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth me that all  
my affection be placed on the father, for where the branches  
are so pretious, the tree of force must be more excellent. Com-  
manded and imboldened thus with the consideration of these  
forepassed reasons, to present my Booke to your lordship: I  
humbly intreate your Honour will vouch of my labours, and  
fauour a souldiers and a schollers Pen with your gracious ac-  
ceptance, who answers in affection what he wants in eloquence:  
so deuoted to your honour, as his onely desire is to end his life  
vnder the fauour of so martiall and learned a Patron. Resting  
thus in hope of your lordships curtesie, in deyning the  
Patronage of my worke. I cease. wishing you  
as many honourable fortunes  
as your lordship can de-  
fire or I imagin.

*Your honors Souldiour most  
humbly affectionate:*

*Thomas Lodge.*





## To the Gentlemen

Readers.



Entlemen, looke not heere to finde any sprigs of Pallas bay tree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous Laureat, nor the pleasing vaine of any eloquent Orator: Nolo altum sapere, they be matters above my capacite: the Coblers checke shall neuer light on my head, Nesutor ultra crepidam, I will goe no further then the latchet, and then all is well. Here you may perhaps finde some leanes of VERBUS mirtle, but hewen down by a souldier with his curtaxe, not bought with the alurement of a filed tongue. To be briefe Gentlemen roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gines you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the Ocean, when enery line was wet with a surge, and enery humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. If you like it, so: and yet I will be yours in dutie, if you be mine in fauour. But if Momus or any sqinteyed asse, that hath mightie eares to conceine with Midas, and yet little reason to iudge: if he come aboard our Barke to finde faule with the tackling. when he knowes not the shrowds, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rusty pollaxe, that saw no sunne this seuen yeares, and either will bebast him, or beaue the cockescombe onrboord, to feed cods. But courteous Gentlemen that fauour most, backebite none, and pardon what is ouerslpt, let such come and welcome, Ile into the Stewards roome and fetch them a kan of our best beere age. Well Gentlemen, you haue Euphues Legacie, I fetcht it as farre as the Islands of Terceras, and therfore read it, censure with fauour, and farewell.

Yours T. L.

The





The Scedule annexed to Euphues  
Testament, the tenour of his Leagacie, the  
token of his loue.



He vehemency of my sicknesse, *Philatus*, hath made me doubtfull of life, yet must I die in counselling thee like *Socrates*, because I loue thee. Thou hast sons by *Camelia*, as I heare, who being yong in yeares haue greene thoughts: and nobly born, haue great minds: bend them in youth like the willow, least thou bewaile them in their age for their wilfulnes. I haue bequethed them a *Golden legacie*, because I greatly loue thee. Let them reade it as *Archelaus* did *Cassender*, to profite by it: and in reading let them meditate: for I haue approoued it the best methode. They shall finde Loue anatomized by *Euphues*, with as liuely colours as in *Appelles* table: *Roses* to whip him when he is wanton, reasons to withstand him when he is wilie.

Heare may they read that vertue is the King of labour, oppinion the Mistris of fooles, that vnitie is the pride of nature, and contentation the ouerthrow of Families: here is *Elleborus* bitter in taste, but beneficiall in triall. I haue nothing to send thee and *Camelia* but this counsell, that in steade of worldly goods, you leaue your sons vertue and glory: for better were they to be partakers of your honours, then lords of your mannours. I feele death that summoneth me to my graue, and my Soule desirous of his God. Farewell *Philatus*, and let the tenor of my counsaile be applied to thy childrens comfort.

*Euphues dying to line.*

*If any man finde this scroule send it to Philatus in England.*

*Rosalynde.*





## Rosalynde.



Here dwelled adioynning to the Cittie of Bourdeaux a Knight of most honorable parentage, whome Fortune had graced with many fauours, and Nature honored with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellencie of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in deciphering the riches of their bounties. Wise hee was, as holding in his head a supreme conceipt of pollicie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all ciuill gouernement: and to make his wisdome more gracious. He had that *salem ingenii* and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Vlisses: his valour was no lesse then his witte, nor the stroake of his launce no lesse forcible, then the sweetnesse of his tongue was perswasive: for he was for his courage chosen the principall of all the Knights of Malta. This hardy Knight thus enricht with vertue and honour, surnamed Sir Iohn of Burdeaux hauing passed the prime of his youth in sundrye battailes against the Turkes, at last (as the date of time hath his course, grewe aged: his haire was siluer hued, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead: Honour sat in the frownes of his face, and many yeares were pourtrayed in his wrinkled lineaments, that all men might perceiue his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie challenged her due. Sir Iohn that with the Phenix knewe the tearme of his life was now expired, and could with the Swan discover his end by his songs, hauing thre sonnes by his wife Lynida, the verie pride of all his forpassed yeares, thought now seeing death by constraint would compell him to leaue them, to bestowe vpon them such a Legacie as might bewray his loue, and encrease their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong Gentlemen before him in the presence of all his fellow Knights of Malta, he resolved to leaue them a memoriall of all his fatherly care, in setting downe a methode of their brotherly duties. Hauing therefore death

in



## Euphues

in his lookes to mooue them to pittie, and teares in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, he began thus,

Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux Legacie he  
gaue to his sonnes.

**O** my sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period of my yeares and Destinies haue determined the finall ende of my dayes: the Palme tree wareth away ward, for he stoopeth in his height, and my plumes are full of sick feathers touched with age, I must to my graue that dischargeth all cares, and leaue you to the worlde that increaseth many sorowes: my silver haire containeth great experience, and the number of my yeares haue pende downe the subtilties of Fortune. Therefore as I leaue you some fading pelfe to counterchecke pouertie, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall lead you vnto vertue. First therefore vnto thee Saladiue the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should be ingraued as well the excellencie of thy Fathers qualities, as the essentiall forme of his proportion, to thee I giue foureteene ploughlands, with all my Mannour houses and richest plate. Next vnto Fernandine I bequeathe twelue ploughlands: But vnto Rosader the youngest I giue my Horse, my Armour, and my Lance with firtene ploughlands: for if the inwarde thoughts be discovered by outwarde shadowes. Rosader will exceede you all in bountie and honoz. Thus (my sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you be as prodigall to spend, as I haue beene carefull to get, your friends will griene to see you more wastefull then I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fall did begin in your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the Loade-starre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Ayme your deedes by my honorable induours, and shew your selues liens worthy of so flourishing a tree: least as the birds Halcyones which exceede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that exceed in blacknesse. Climbe not my sonnes, aspying pride is a vapor that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth to a smoake: they which stare at the stars, stumble vpon the stones: & such as gaze at the Sunne (vnlesse they be Eagle eyed) fall blinde. Beare not  
with



## golden Legacie.

with the Hobby, least you fall with the Lark: nor attempt not with Phaeton, least you downe with Icarus. Fortune when she wils you to flie, tempers your plumes with ware, & therfore either sit still and make no wing, or else beware the Sun, and holde Dedalus axiome authenticall (*Medium tenere tutissimum.*) Lowe shrubs haue deepe rootes, and poore Cottages great patience. Fortune lookes euer upward, and enuy aspireth to nestle with dignity. Take heed my sons, the meane is sweetest melody, where strings high stretch, either soon crack, or quickly grow out of time. Let your Countries care bee your hearts content, & think that you are not borne for your selues, but to leuel your thoughts to be loyal to your prince, careful for the common-weale, & faithfull to your friends, so shall France say, these men are excellent in vertues, as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sons, a friend is a precious iewel, within whose bosome you may vnlode your sorrow, and vnfolde your secrets, and he either will relieue with counsell, or perswade with reason: but take heede in the chouse, the outward shewe makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the Calenders of truethe. When the Lequozice leafe looketh most drie, then it is most wet: when the Shores of Lepanthus are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The Baatan leafe the more faire it lookes, the more infectious it is, & in the sweetest words is oft hid most treacherie. Therefore my sonnes, choose a friend as the Hiperbore: do the mettals, seuer them from the ore with fire, and let them not bide the stampe before they be currant: so trie and then trust, let time be the touchstone of friendship, and then friends faithfull lay them by for iewels. Be valiant my sonnes, for cowardise is the enemy to honour: but not too rash, for that is extreame. Fortitude is the means, and that is limited within bonds, & prescribed with circumstance. But aboue all, & with that he fetcht a deep sigh, beware of Loue, for it is far more perillous then pleasant, and yet I tel you it allureth as ill as the Syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, & beauties paintings are trickt by with times colours, which being set to drie in the sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend liberty, yet there is nothing but losse & glistering misery. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanity, and his arrowes where they pierce, inforce nothing but desires: a womans eye as it is precious to behold, so is it preiudiciall to gaze vpon: for as it affordeth delight, so it snar-



## Euphues

reth vnto death. Trust not their fawning fauours, for their loues are like the breath of a man vpon Steele which no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth off, and their passions are as momentary as the colours of a Polipe, which changeth at the sight of euery object. My breath wareth short, and mine eyes wareth dim, the houre is come, and I must away: therefore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therfore if you loue, choose her that hath eyes of Adamant, that will turne onely to one point: her heart of a Diamond that will receiue but one forme, her tongue of a Sethe-leafe, that neuer wags but with a Southeast wind: and yet my sons, if she haue all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent: yet for that she is a woman, shalt thou finde in her sufficient vanity to counteruaile her vertues. Oh now my sonnes, euen now take these my last words as my latest Legacie, for my thred is spun, and my foot is in the graue: keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsels, and let them be lodged in the secret of your hearts: for wisdome is better then wealth, & a golden sentence, worth a world of Treasure. In my fall, see my sonnes, the folly of man, that being dust climbeth with Biaces to reach at the heauens, and ready euerie minute to die, yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh, mans life is like lightning that is but a flash, and the longest day of his yeares, but a hauens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortall, be carefull that thy life be vertuous, that thy death may bee full of admirable honours: so shalt thou challenge fame to be thy fauour, and put obliuion to exile with thine honorable actions. But my sonnes, lest you should forget your fathers axiomes, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying, wils you to erecute liuing. At this he shrunke downe in his bed, and gaue vp the ghost.

Iohn of Bourdeaux being thus dead, was greatly lamented of his sons, & bewailed of his friends, especially of his fellow knights of Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were perfozmed with great solemnity. His obsequies done, Saladine caused next his Epitaph the contents of the scroule to be pourtraied out, which were to this effect.

The contents of the Scedule which sir Iohn of  
Bordeaux gaue to his Sonnes.

**M**y Sonnes, behold what portion I doe giue:  
I leaue you goods, but they are quickly lost:

*Ileane*



## golden Legacie.

I leane aduise, to schoole you how to lone,  
I leane you wit, but wone with little cost:  
But keepe it well; for counsell still is one,  
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choise of thrift, let honour be your gaine,  
Winne it by vertue, and by manly might:  
In doing good, esteeme thy toile no paine,  
Protect the fatherlesse and widdows right.  
Fight for thy faith, thy Countrie and thy King,  
For why? this thrift will proue a blessed thing.

In choise of wife, prefer the modest chaste,  
Lillies are faire in show, but foule in smell:  
The sweetest lookes by age are soone defast,  
Then choose thy wife by wit, and lining well.  
Who brings thee wealth, and many faults wit ball,  
Presents thee bony mixt with butter gall.

In choise of friends, beware of light beliese,  
A painted tongue, may shroud a subtile heart:  
The Syrens teares, doe threaten mickle grieffe,  
Foresee my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart,  
Chuse in your wants, and be that friends you then,  
When richer gromen, be friend you him agen.

Learne with the Ant in summer to provide,  
Drine with the Bee, the Droane from out the hie:  
Build like the Swallow in the summer tide,  
Spare not to much, (my sonnes) but sparing thrine,  
Be poore in folly, rich in all but sinne:  
So by your death, your glory shall beginne.

Saladine hauing thus set vp the Scedule, and hangd about his  
Fathers hearse many passionate Poems, that France might suppose  
him to be passing sorrowful, he clad himself & his brothers al in black  
and in such sable lutes discoursed his grieffe, but as the Hiena when  
she mourns is then most guiltfull, so Saladine vnder the shew of grieffe



## Euphues

shadow a heart full of contented thoughts. The Tyger though he hid his claws, will at last discover his rapine, the Lions looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a mans visage is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot be hid in straw, nor the nature of man so conceal'd, but at last it will haue his course, nurture and art may do much, but that *Natura naturans*, which by purgation is ingrafted in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant according to the old verse:

*Naturam expellas furca licet, tamen usque recurret.*

So fares it with Saladine, for after a months mourning was past he fell to consideration of his fathers testament, how he had bequeathed more to his yonger brothers then to himselfe, that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now vnder his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeares, and he being their gardaine might (if not defraude them of their due) yet make such haue of their legacies and lands, as they should be a great deale the lighter: wherupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe.

### Saladines meditation with him selfe.

Saladine, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restless passions, hauing thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy fathers testament, & thy heart stered with the hope of present preferment: by the one art counsell'd to content thee with thy fortunes: by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladine) is a great roystrie, and there is no sweeter phisicke than stoe. Auicen like a foole forgot in his Aphorismes to say that gold was the most precious restorative, & that treasure was the most excellent medicine of the minde. Oh Saladine, what were thy fathers precepts breathed into the winde: hast thou so soone forgotten his principles: did he not warne thee from coniecting without honour, & climbing without vertue: did he not forbid thee to aime at any action that should not be honorable: and what will be more prejudiciall to thy credit, than the careless ruine of thy brothers prosperitie: and wilt thou become the subuersio of their fortunes: is there any sweeter thing than concord, or a more pretious iewel then amity: are you not sonnes of one father, flens of one tree, birds of one nest: and wilt thou become so unnaturall as to rob the whome thou shouldest rellene: No Saladine, intreat them with fauours, and entertaine them with loue, so shalt thou haue thy conscience cleare and thy re-  
name



## golden Legacie.

nowne excellent. Tush, what words are these base foole, far vnfit (if thou be wise) for thy humor. What though thy Father at his death talked of many frivolous matters, as one that doleth for age, and raved in his sickness, shall his words be axioms, and his talke be so authentically, that thou wilt [to obserue them] prejudice thy selfe? No, no Saladine, sicke mens wils that are parole, & haue neither hand nor seale, are like the lawes of a City written in dust, which are broken with the blast of every winde. What man thy father is dead, & he can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions: therefore burie his words with his carcasle, & be wise for thy selfe: what is not soold as true: *Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.*

Thy brother is yong, keepe him now in awe, make him not checkmate with thy selfe: for,

*Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.*

Let him know little, so shall he not be able to execute much, suppress his wits with a base estate, and though he be a Gentleman by nature, yet forme him a new, and make him a peasant by nurture: so shalt thou keepe him as a slaue, and raine thy selfe sole Lord ouer all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandine thy middle brother, he is a Scholler, and hath no minde but on Aristotle, let him reade on Galen while thou rifest with golde, and pore on his booke till thou doest purchase lands: wit is great wealth, if he haue learning it is enough, and so let all rest.

In this humor was Saladine, making his brother Rosader his foot boy, for the space of two or thre years, keeping him in such seruile subiection, as it had bin the sonne of any countrie vassall. The yong Gentleman bare all with patience, till on a day walking in the Garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of Iohn of Burdeaux, a Knight renowned for many victories, and a Gentleman famosed for his vertues, how contrarie to the testament of his father, he was not onely kept from his land, and intreated as a seruant, but smothered in such secret flauerie, as he might not attain to any honorable actions. As quoth he to himselfe (nature working these effectuall passions) why should I that am a Gentleman borne, passe my time in such vnnatural drugery? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the Court a Courtier, or in the field a souldier, then to liue a foote boy to my owne brother: nature hath lent me wit to conceiue, but my brother denied me art to contemplate:



## Euphues

state: I haue strength to perforce any honorable exploit, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indeuours: those good partes that God hath bestowed vpon me, the enuie of my brother doth smother in obscuritie: the harder is my fortune, and the more his forwardnes. With that casting vp his hand he felt haire on his face, & perceiuing his beard to bud, for choller he began to blush, & swore to himselfe he would be no more subiect to such slauey. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholy passions, in came Saladine with his men, & seeing his brother in a browne studie, and to forget his wonted reuerence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirra (quoth he) is your hart on your halfe peny, or are you saying a Dirge for your fathers soule? what is my dinner ready? At this question Rosader turning his head aslance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire he made this replie. Doest thou aske me (Saladine) for thy Cates? aske some of thy Churles who are fit for such an office? I am thy equall by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more Cards in thy bunch, I haue as many trumps in my hands as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast selde my Woods, spoiled my Manour houses, and made hauocke of such vten sales as my Father bequeathed vnto me? I tell thee Saladine, either answer me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemy.

At this replie of Rosaders, Saladine smiled as laughing at his presumption, and frowned, as checking his follie: he therefore toke him vp thus shortly. What Sirra? I see early prickes the tree that wil proue a thorne: hath my familiar conuersing with you made you coy, or my good looks drawen you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I will bend the tree while it is a ward: in faith (sir boy) I haue a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You sirs, lay hold on him and binde him, and then I will giue him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the Garden, he laide such loades vpon his brothers me that he hurt some of the, & made the rest of them run away. Saladine seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, & tooke him to a losse adioining to the Garden whither Rosader pursued him hotely. Saladine afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus



## golden Legacie.

thus. Rosader be not so rash, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I haue done thee wrong Ile make thee amends: reuenge not anger in bloud, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of old sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent, and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers frownes ought not to be periods of wrath: what mā, look not so sowely, I know we shalbe friends, & better friends then we haue bin. For, *Amantium ira amoris redinte gratia est.*

These words appeased the choller of Rosader, (for hee was of a milde and courteous nature) so that he laid downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman, assured his brother he would offer him no prejudice: whereupon Saladine came downe, and after a little parley, they imbraced each other, and became friends, and Saladine promising Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what fauour els, quoth he, any waies my ability or the nature of a brother may performe. Upon these sugred reconciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old seruants of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the straw, till it chanced that Torismond King of France had appointed for his pleasure a day of Wrestling and of Tournament to busie his Commons heads, lest being idle, their thoughts should run vpon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their olde banished King: a Champion there was to stande against all comers, a Normane, a man of tall stature & of great strength, so valiant that in many such conflicts he alwayes bare away the victorie, not onelie ouerthrowing them which he encountred, but often with the waight of his body killing them outright. Saladine hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead: first by secret meanes conuented with the Norman, & procured him with riche rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes, he should neuer more retorne to quarrell with Saladine, for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum.*) taking great gifts for little Gods, tooke the crownes of Saladine to performe the stratagem. Hauing thus tied the Champion to his villainous determination by oath, he prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. Hee went to young Rosader, (who in all his thoughts reacht at honor, and gased no lower then vertue commanded) and began to tell him of this Tournament and Wrestling, how the King should be there,

and



## Euphues

and all the chiefe Peeres of France, with all the beautifull damosels of the countrey: now brother, quoth he, for the honoz of Sir John of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, so famous that house that neuer hath bin found without men approued in Chivalry, shew thy resolution to be peremptory. For my selfe thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet neuer hauing attempted any deedes of Armes, I am yongest to performe any martiall exploits, knowing better how to suruey my lands, then to charge my Launce: my brother Ferdinande he is at Paris. poring on a few papers, hauing more insight into Sophistry & principles of Philosophy, then any warlike indeuours: but thou Rosader the yongest in yeares, but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darrest doe what honour allowes thee: take thou my fathers Launce, his Sword, and his Horse, and hie thee to the Tournament, and either there valiantly crack a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of actiuitie. The words of Saladine were but spurs to a free horse, for he had scarce vitered them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly that he promised in what he might requite his courtesie. The next morrow was the day of the Tournament, & Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroicall thoughts, that he past the night with little sleepe, but as soone as Phoebus had bailed the Curtain of the night, and made Aurora blush with giuing her the bezoles labres in her silver Couch, he gat him vp, and taking his leaue of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appointed, thinking euery mile tenne leagues til he came there. But leauing him so desirous of the iourney, to Torismond the king of France, who hauing by force banished Gerismond their lawfull King that liued as an outlaw in the forrest of Arden, sought now by all means to keepe the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne Turnament, whereunto he in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelue peeres of France, who rather for feare then loue graced with the shew of theyr dutifull fauours: to feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare glistering obiects, he had appointed his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the fayre Rosalynd, daughter vnto Gerismond, with all the beautifull Damosels that were famous for theyr features in all France.

Thus in that place did loue and war triumph in a Sympathie: for  
such



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such as were martial, might vse there Lance to be renowned for the excellency of their Cheualry, and such as were amorous, might glut themselves with gasing on the beauties of most heauenly creatures. As euery mans eye hath his senerall suruey, and fancie was partiall in their lookes, yet all ingenerall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynd: for vpon her cheekes there seemed a battell between the Graces, who should bestow most fauours to make her excellent. The blush that glozied Luna when she kist the Shepheard of the hills of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant die, as the Vermillion florisht on the siluer hue of Rosalyn des countenance: her eyes were like those Lampes that make the welthy couert of the Heauens more gorgeous, sparkling fauour and disdaine, courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amozits, & Diana all her chastity. The trammels of her haire, folded in a Call of golde, so far surpass the burnisht glister of the mettall, as the Sunne doeth the meaneest Starre in brightnesse: the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her haire it seemed loue had layd her selfe in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gase vpon their excellence, what shold I neede to decipher her perticuler beauties whē by the censure of all, she was the Paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalynd sat I say with Alinda as a beholder of these sports and made the Cavaliers cracke their Launces with more courage: many deedes of Knighthood that day were perfozmed, & many prizes were giuen according to their senerall desarts, at last when the Tournament ceased, the wassling began, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers, but he looked like Hercules when he aduansed himselfe against Achelous, so that the fury of his countenance amased all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deede of actiuitie: till at last a lustie Franckling of the Country came with two tall men that were his sonnes of good lynaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing obedience to the King, entred the List, & presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glozy of his strength, roused himself with such fury that not only he gaue him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the yonger brother seeing leapt presently into the place, and thirsting after the reuenge, assailed the Nor-



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nam with such valour, that at the first encounter he brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman that recovering himselfe feare of disgrace doubling his strength, he stept so earnestly to the yong Francklin, that taking him vp in his armes he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broke his necke, and so ended his daies with his brother. At this vnlooke for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie, but the Franckling father vnto these, neuer changed his countenance, but as a man of a couragious resolution, tooke vp the bodies of his sonnes without shew of outward discontent.

All this while stood Rosader and saw this Tragedie, who noting the vndoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted off from his Horse, & presently sat downe on the grasse, & commaunded his boy to pul off his bootes, making him ready to try the strength of this champion, being furnisht as he would, he clapt the Francklin on the shoulder, and said thus: Bold yeoman whose sonnes hane ended the terme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, & thwartest the iniury of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy sonnes: stand a while, and either see me make a third in their Tragedy, or els reuenge their fall with an honorable triumph: the Francklin seeing so goodly a Gentleman to giue him such courteous comfort, gaue him hartie thanks, with promise to pray for his happie succeſſe. With that Rosader bailed bonet to the King, and lightly lept within the lists, where noting more the company then the combattant, he cast his eye vpon the troope of Ladies that glistered there like the stars of heauen, but at last Loue willing to make him amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalind, whose admirable beauty so inueagled the eye of Rosader that forgetting himselfe, he stood and fed his looks on the fauour of Rosalinds face, which she percciuing, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellencie, that the bashfull red of Aurora, at the sight of vnaquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious.

The Norman seeing this yong Gentleman fettered in the lookes of the Ladies, draue him out of his Memento with a shake by the shoulder: Rosader looking backe with an angry frowne, as if hee had beene wakened from some pleasant dyme discovered to all by the fury of his countenance that he was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth and the sweetnesse of his



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his vilage, with a generall applause of fauours, they grieved that goodly a young man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprize, they wisht him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his Memento by the Norman, he roughly clept him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fel on the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was he whome Saladine had appointed him to kill: which coniecture made him stretch euery limbe, and trye euery sinew, that working his death he might recouer the gold, which so bountifullly was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye vpon Rosalynd, who to encourage him with a fauour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might haue made the most coward desperate: which glaunce of Rosalynd so stired the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman, hee ran vpon him and braued him with a strong encounter: the Norman receiued him as valiantly, that there was a sore combate, hard to iudge on whose side fortune would be prodigall. At last Rosader calling to minde the beauty of his new Distresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, rowled himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling vpon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman peeled nature her due, and Rosader the victorie. The death of this Champion, as it highly contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with reuenge, so it drew the King and all the Peeres into a great admiration, that so young yeares, and so beautifull a personage, should containe such marciall excellence: but when they knew him to be the youngest son of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, the King rose from his seate and embraced him, and the Peeres intreated him with all fauorable courtesie, commending both his valour and his vertues, wisshing him to goe forward in such haughty deeds, that he might attaine to the glory of his fathers honorable fortunes.

As the King and Lordes graced him with embracing, so the Ladies fauoured him with their lookes, especially Rosalynd, whome the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched: but shee accounted loue a toy, and fancie a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke: and therfore



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feared not to dally in the flame, and to make Rosader knowe she affected him, tooke from her necke a Jewell, and sent it by a Page to the young Gentleman. The prize that Venus gaue to Paris, was not halfe so pleasing to the Trojan, as this geame was to Rosader: for if fortune had sworne to make him selfe sole Monarch of the world, he would rather haue refused such dignity, then haue lost the Jewell sent him by Rosalynd. To retorne her with the like he was unfurnished, and yet that he might moze then in his lookes discover his affection, he stept into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ this fancie:

*Two sunnes at once from one faire heauen there shinde,  
Ten branches from two boughes tipt all with Roses,  
Pure lockes more golden than is gold refine,  
Two pearled rowes that Natures pride encloses.*

*Two mounts faire marble white, down-soft and dainty,  
A snow died orbe: where loue increast by pleasure  
Full wofull wakes my heart and body fainty:  
Her faire (my woe) exceeds all thought and measure.*

*In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeareth,  
VVhom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.*

This Sonnet he sent to Rosalind, which when she read, she blusht, but with a sweet content in that she perceived loue had allotted her so amorous a seruant. Leaving her to her new entertained fancies: againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glozy of this conquest, accompanied with a troope of young Gentlemen, that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladines, who was walking befoze the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should haue, assuring him selfe of his death, and deuising how with dissimuled sorowe, to celebrate his funerals: as hee was in this thought, he cast vp his eye, and sawe where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, as hauing wonne the Prize, accompanied with a crue of boone companions: grieued at this, he stept in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such unkinde entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothered his grieve with a smile, he turned to the Gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for he did not this vpon any malicious intent or nigardize, but being brought vp in the countrey. he absented him selfe,



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selfe, as not finding his nature fit for such pouthfull company. Thus he sought to shadow abuses proffered him by his brother, but in vain, for he could by no meanes be suffered to enter: whereupon he ran his foote against the doore, and brake it open, drawing his sword, & entring boldly into the Hall, where he found none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer an Englishman, who had beene an olde and trusty seruant to Sir John of Bourdeaux: he for the loue he bare to his deceased master, fauoured the part of Rosader, and gaue him and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gaue him thanks, and looking about, seeing the Hall empty, said: Gentlemen, you are welcome, frolicke and be merry, you shall be sure to haue wine enough, whatsoeuer your fare be, I tell you Cavaliers, my Brother hath in his house five tunne of Wine, and as long as that lasteth I bespew him that spares his liquor. With that he burst open the buttery doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer couered the Tables, and set downe whatsoeuer he could finde in the house, but what they wanted in meat, was supplied with drinke, yet had they royal cheere, & with all such hearty welcome, as would haue made the courtest meates seeme delicates. After they had feasted and frolickt it twise or thise with an vpsley freeze, they all tooke their leaue of Rosader and departed. As soone as they were gone, Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drew his sword, and swore to be reuenged on the discourteous Saladine: yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendship and amity betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladine, they were once againe reconciled, and put up all forepassed iniuries with a peaceable agreement, liuing together for a good space in such brotherly loue, as did not onely reioyce the seruants, but made all the Gentlemen and bordering neighbors glad of such friendly concord. Saladine hiding fire in the strawe, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter opportunity, he shewed himselfe a great fauourer of his brothers vertuous endeoures: where leauing them in this happy league, let vs return to Rosalind.

Rosalynd returning home from the triumph, after she waxed solitary, loue presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at disconert, stroke her so deepe, as she felt her selfe grow passing passionate: she began to call to minde the comlineffe of his person, the honoz of his parents, and the vertues that excelling both,



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made him so gracious in the eyes of every one. Sucking in thus the honey of love, by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, she began to surfeit with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardness of her fortunes, desire began to strike, and fancie to vale bonnet, that betweene a Chaos of confused thoughts, she began to debate with her selfe in this manner.

### Rosalyns passion.

**I**nfortunate Rosalind, whose misfortunes are more than thy peares, & whose passions are greater then thy patience. The blossoms of thy youth are mirt with the frosts of enuy, & the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the crowne, & thou the unhappy daughter of a King detained captiue, liuing as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Oh Rosalind, what cares waite vpon a crowne? what griefs are incident to dignity? what sorrows haunt royall palaces? The greatest seas haue the sorest stormes, the highest birth subiect to the most bale, and of all trees the Cedars soonest shake with the winde: small Currents are euer calme, some valleyes not scorcht in any lightning, nor base mē tied to any balefull prejudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch pouerty, it is with her heele: rather disdayning their want with a frowne, then enuying their wealth with disparagement. Oh Rosalind, hadst thou bin borne low, thou hadst not falne so high, & yet being great of blood, thine honor is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content yet fates vnwilling to haue me any wayes happy, haue forced loue to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue Rosalind? becommeth it women in distresse to thinke on loue? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blind & shooteth at random, as soone hitting a rag, as a robe, and piercing as soone the bosome of a Captiue, as the brest of a Libertine. Thou speakest it poore Rosalind by experience, for being every way distressed, surcharged with cares, and ouergrowne with sorrowes, yet amidst the heape of all mishaps, Loue hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of young Rosader, a man every way absolute as well for his inward life, as for his outward lineaments, able to content the eye with beauty, & the eare with the report of his vertue. But consider Rosalind his fortunes, and thy present estate, thou art



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art poore and without patrimony, and yet the daughter of a Prince, he a poorer brother, and void of such possessions as either might maintaine thy dignities or reuenge thy fathers iniuries. And hast thou not learned this of other Ladies, that Louers cannot liue by looks: that womens eares are sooner content with a pound of giue me, then a dram of heare me, that gold is sweeter than eloquence: that loue is a fire, & wealth is the fewell: that Venus coffers should be euer full. Then Rosalynd seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him lesse beautifull, because he is want, & account his vertues but qualities of course, for that he is not indued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what method is to be vsed in loue.

*Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.*

Tush Rosalynd, be not ouer rash, leape not before thou looke, either loue such a one as may with his landes purchase thy libertie, or els loue not at all. Chuse not a faire face with an empty purse, but say as most women vse to say, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foris.*

Why Rosalynd, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties? Can the degree of a princeesse, the daughter of Gossimond harboꝝ such seruile conceits, as to prize golde more than honoꝝ, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. No Rosalynd, blush at thy base resolution, and say if thou louest, eyther Rosader or none: and why? because Rosader is both beautifull and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new entertained passions, taking vp her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this ditty.

### Rosalynds Madrigall.

Loue in my bosome like a Bee,  
doth sucke his sweete:

Now with his wings he plaies with me,  
now with his feete.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,

His bed amidst my tender breast,

My kisses are his daily feast,

And yet he robs me of my rest,

Ab wanton, wilt ye?

And if I sleepe, then percheth he,  
with pretty flight,



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And make his pillow of my knee,  
the luelong night

Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,

He musicke plaies if so I singe:

He lends me enery lovely thing,

Tet cruel he my heart doth stinge

Whist wanton still yes.

Else I with roses enery day,

will whip you hence:

And binde you when you long to play,

for your offence.

He shut my eyes to keepe you in,

He make ~~you~~ fast it for your sinne,

He count your power not worth a pin,

Alas what hereby shall I winne,

If he gaine say me.

What if I beate the wanton boy,

with many a rod?

He will repaie me with anoy,

because a God.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,

And let thy bower my bosome be:

Lurke in mine eyes I like of thee,

O Cupid so thou pittie mee,

Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalynd ended her **Madrigall**, before **Torismond** came in with his daughter **Alinda**, & many of the **Peers** of **France** who were enamored at her beautie: which **Torismond** perceiving, fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope of his fruit end, in the beginning of her blossomes, he thought to bannish her from the court, for quoth he to himselfe, her face is so full of fauour, that it pleads pittie in the eye of euery man her beautie is so heavenly and diuine, that she will prooue to me as **Hellen** did to **Prism**: some one of the **Peers** will aime at her loue, and the marriage, & the in his wiues right attempt the kingdome. To preuent therefore had I wist in all these actions, she taries not about the Court but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or els seeke



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seeke other fortunes. In this humoꝝ, with a sterne countenance full of wꝛath, he breathed out this censure vnto her before the Peeres, that charged her that that night she were not seene about the Court: foꝝ (quoth he) I haue heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange vnto Rosalynd, and presently couered with the shield of her innocencie, she brake out in reuerent tearmes to haue cleared her selfe: but, Torismond would admit of no reason, noꝝ durst his Lords plead foꝝ Rosalind, although her beautie had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wꝛath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda who loued her moze than her selfe, with grief in heart, and teares in hereyes, falling downe on her knees began to intreat her father thus.

Alindas oration to her father in defence of Rosalynd.

**I**f (mighty Torismond) I offend in pleading foꝝ my friend, let the law of amity craue pardon foꝝ my boldnesse: foꝝ where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priuiledge. Rosalynd and I haue bin suffered by from our infancies, and nursed vnder the harbour of our conuersing together with such priuate familiarities, that custome hath wrought an vnion of nature, and the Sympathy of our affections such a secret loue, that we haue two bodies and one soule. Then Maruailenot (great Torismond) if seeing my friend distressed, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand sorowes: foꝝ her veruous and honozable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such as may challenge loue, and race out suspicion: her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al griefes with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honozed you with al dutie, as her owne father by nouriture, not in word uttering any discontent, noꝝ in thought (as far as coniecture may reach) hammering on reuenge: only in all her actions seeking to please you, and to win my fauour. Her wisdome, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I neede not to decipher, only it restes foꝝ me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, fortune who triumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some enuious person (as minister of her intended Stratagem) to taunt Rosalynd with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by

D

with: Alas:



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witnesſes: which proued, let her die, & Alinda wil execute the maſſacre. If none can auouch any confirmed relation of her intent, vſe Juſtice my lord, it is the glory of a King, & let her liue in your wanted fauour: for if you baniſh her, my ſelfe as compartner of her hard fortunes will participate in exile ſome part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this ſpeech of Alinda) couered his face with ſuch a frown, as ttrany ſeemed to ſit triumphant in his forehead, & checkt her vp with ſuch taunts, as made the Lordes (that onely were hearers) to tremble. Proud girle (quoth he) hath my looks made thee ſo light of tongue, or my fauours incouraged thee to be ſo forward, that thou dareſt preſume to preach after thy Father: Hath not my yeares moze experience than thy youth, & the winter of mine age deeper insight into ciuell policie, than the prime of thy flourishing daies? The olde Lion auoides the toiles, where the yong one leaps into the nette: the care of age is prouident, and foreſees much: ſuſpition is a vertue, where a man holds his enemy in his boſome. Thou fond girle, meaſureſt all by preſent affection, and as thy heart loues, thy thoughts cenſure: but if thou knoweſt that in liking Roſalynd thou hatcheſt vp a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldeſt intreat as much for her abſence as now thou delighteſt in her preſence. But why doe I alleadge pollicy to thee? ſit you downe huſwife & fall to your needle: if idlenes make you ſo wanton, or liberty ſo malapart, I can quickly tye you to a ſharper taſke: and you (maide) this night bee packing, either into Arden to your father, or whether beſt it ſhall content your humour, but in the Court you ſhall not abide. This rigorous reply of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for ſtill ſhe proſecuted her plea in the defence of Roſalynd, wiſhing her Father (if his cenſure might not be reuerſt) that he would appoint her partner of her exile: which if he refuſed, either ſhe would by ſome ſecret meanes ſteale out and follow her, or els ende her daies with ſome deſperate kinde of death. When Torismond heard his daughter ſo reſolute, his heart was ſo hardned againſt her, that he ſate downe a definitiue and peremptory ſentence, that they ſhould both be baniſhed: which preſently was done. The Tyrant rather chooſing to hazard the loſſe of his onely child, then any waies to put in queſtion the ſtate of his kingdome: ſo ſuſpicious & feareful is the conſcience of an uſurper. Well althougħ his Lords perſwaded him to retain his own Daughter, yet his reſolution might not be reuerſt, but both of them  
muſt



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must away from the Court without either more company or delay. In he went with great melancholy, and left these two Ladies alone, Rosalynd waxed very sad, and sate downe and wept. Alinda she smiled, and sitting by her friend, began thus to comfort her.

Alindas comfort to perplexed Rosalynd.

**W**hy how now Rosalynd, dismaide with a frowne of contrary fortune: Haue I not oft heard thee say, that high mindes were discouered in fortunes contempt, and heroycall scene in the depth of extremities: Thou wert wonte to tell others that complained of distresse, that the sweetest salve for misery was patience, and the only medecine for want, the precious implaster of content: being such a good Physitian to others, wilt thou not minister receipts to thy selfe: But perchance thou wilt say:

*Consulenti nunquam caput doluit.*

Why then, if the Patients that are sicke of this disease, can finde in themselves neither reason to perswade, nor art to cure, yet (Rosalynd) admit of the counsell of a friend, and apply the selues that may appease thy passions. If thou grieuest, that being the daughter of a prince, and enuy thwarteth thee with such hard exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke, that Crownes haue crosses when mirth is in Cottages: that the faster the Rose is, the sooner it is bitten with Caterpillers, the more orient the Pearle is, the more apt to take a blemish: and the greatest birth, as it hath most honour, so it hath much enuy. If then fortune aimeth at the fastest, be patient Rosalynd, for first by thine exile thou goest to thy father, nature is higher prized then wealth, and the loue of ones parents ought to be more precious then all dignities: why then dooth my Rosalynd grieve at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a prejudice, proffers her a greater pleasure: & more (mad lasse) to be melancholy, when thou hast with thee Alinda a friend, who will be a faithfull copartner of all thy misfortunes, who hath left her father to follow thee, & chuseth rather to brooke all extremities then to forsake thy presence. What Rosalynd:

*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Cheerely woman, as we haue been bedfellowes in royaltie, we will be fellow mates in pouerty: I wil euer be thy Alinda, and thou shalt euer rest to me Rosalynd, so shall the world canonize our friendship,



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and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Orestes. And if euer fortune smile and we returne to our former honour, then folding our selues in the sweete of our friendship, we shall merrily say (calling to minde our forpassed miseries:)

*Olim hæc meminisse iuuabit.*

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after she had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, she gaue her hearty thanks, and then they sate them downe to consult howe they should trauell. Alinda grieued at nothing but that they might haue no man in their company, saying: it would be their greatest p̄iudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodaine shift to p̄uent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person & apparell of a Page, thou shalt be my mistresse, and I will play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company soeuer I come I will not be discovered: I will buy me a lute, and haue my Rapper very handsomly at my side, and if any knaue offer wrong, your Page wil shew him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and vpon this they agreed, and presently gathered vp all their iewels, which they trussed vp in a Casket, & Rosalynd in all hast p̄ouided her of robes, and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd, Ganimede: they trauelled along the Vineyards, and by many by-waies: at last got to the Forrest side, where they trauelled by the space of two or thre dayes without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and pained with many passionate sorowes. Now the black Ore began to tread on their feet, and Alinda thought of her wanted royalty: but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynd, shee thought euery daunger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a Fountaine, compact with a groue of Cipresse trees, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some goddess had intreated Nature in that place to make her an Arboꝝ. By this Fountaine sate Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fed as merrily as if they had bin in Paris with all the kings delicates: Aliena onely grieuing that they could not so much as meete with a shepherd to discourse them the waye to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting vp his eye, espied where on a tree was ingrauen certaine verses: which as soone as hee espied,



## golden Legacie.

espied, he cryed out, be of good cheare Distresse, I spie the figures of men: for here in these trees be ingrauen certain verses of shepheards, or some other swaines that inhabit here about. With that Aliena start vp ioyfull to heare these newes, and looked, where they found carued in the barke of a Pine tree, this passion.

### Montanus passion.

**H**adst thou beene borne whereas perpetuall cold  
Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines silver old:

Had I complained unto a marble stone,

Or to the floods bewraid my bitter mone,

I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:

But euen the pride of countreys at thy birth,

Whilst beaues did smile, did new array the earth,  
with flowers chiefe.

Yet thou the flower of beauty blessed borne,

Hast pretty looks, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weepe sweet Mirrhas teares,

Or by my plaints to pierce repining eares:

Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,

To scorne the woes that doth my heart attaint,

I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:

But not my teares, but truth with thee preuailes,

And seeming sowre my sorrowes thee assailes:

yea small reliefe.

For if thou wilt thou art of Marble hard:

And if thou please, my sute shall soone be heard.

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poeſſie is the passion of some per-  
plexed shepheard, that being enamored of some fayre and beautifull  
Shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therefore complai-  
ned of the crueltie of his Distris. You may see (quoth Ganimede)  
what mad cattell you women be, whose hearts sometimes are made  
of Adamant that will touche with no impression, and sometime of  
ware that is fit for euery forme: they delight to be courted, and then  
they glory to seeme coye, and when they are most desired, then they  
freeze with disdain: and this fault is so common to the sex, that you



## Euphues

See it painted out in the shepheards passions, who found his Mistres as froward as he was enamored. And I pray you (quoth Aliena,) if your robes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne nest? Beware (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if hee doe, perchance you will make him leape so far from loue, that he will anger nery baine in your heart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keep decozum, I speake now as I am Alienas Page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter: for put mee but into a peticote, and I will stand in defiance to the vttermost, that women are courteous, constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there (quoth Alena) and no more words, for ponder be characters grauen vpon the barke of a Beech tree, let vs see quoth Ganimede, and with that they reade a fancie witten to this effect,

*First shall the heauens want starry light,  
The seas be robbed of their wanes.  
The day want sunne, and sunne want bright,  
The night want shade, the dead mens graues.  
The Aprill flowers and leafe and tree,  
Before I false my faith to thee:*

*First shall the tops of highest hills  
By humble playnes be ouerpried,  
And Poets scorne the Muses quils,  
And fish forsake the water glide.  
And Iris lose her coloured weeds,  
Before I fayle thee at thy needs.*

*First direfull hate shall turne to peace,  
And loue relent in deepe disdain:  
And death his fatall stroke shall cease,  
And ennie pittie euery paine,  
And pleasure mourne, and sorrow smile,  
Before I talke of any guile.*



## golden Legacie.

*First time shall stay his stailserace,  
And winter blesse his browes with corne,  
And snow bemoisten Iulies face,  
And winter spring, and summer mourne,  
Before my pen by helpe of fame:  
Cease to recite thy sacred name.*

Montanus.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grew from one full of passions. I am of that mind too (quoth Aliena) but see I pray when poore women seeke to keepe themselves chaste, how men woe them with many fained promises, aluring with sweet words as the Sirens, and after prouing as trothlesse as Aeneas. Thus promised Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at last grew moze false: The reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were womens sonnes and tooke that fault of their mother, for if a man had growen from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had neuer beene troubled with inconstancie. Leaue off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or els ile pull of your Pages apparell and whippe you) as Venus doth her wantons) with nettles. So you will [quoth Ganimede] perswade me to flattery, and that needs not: but come seeing we haue found heere by this Fount the tract of Shepheards by their Madrigalles and Roundelaies, let vs forwarde, for either wee shall finde some foldes, sheep-coates, or else some cottages, wherein for a day or two to rest. Content quoth Aliena, and with that they rose vp, and marched forward till towards the euen: and then comming into a faire vally compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasant shrubbes, they might descrie where two flockes of sheepe did feede.

Then looking about, they might perceiue where an olde shepheard late, and with him a yong swaine, vnder a couert most pleasantly scituated. The ground where they late was diaped with Floras riches, as she meant to wrap Tellus in the glory of her vestments: round about in the forme of an Amphitheater were most curiously planted Pine trees, interseamed with Limons and Cytrons, which



## Euphues

which with the thickeſſe of their boughs ſo ſhadowed the place, that Phebus could not pry into the ſecret of that Arboꝝ, ſo vnited were the tops with ſo thick a cloſure, that Venus might there in her iollitie haue dallied vnſeene with her deareſt paramour, faſt by (to make the place moꝛe goꝛgiouſ) was there a Font ſo Chyiſtalline & cleare, that it ſeemed Diana with her Driades, and Hemadriades had that ſpring, as the ſecret of all their bathings. In this glorious Arboꝝ ſate theſe two ſhepheards (ſeeing their ſheepe feede) playing on theyꝝ Pipes many pleaſant tunes, and from muſick and melodie, ſaling into much amozous chat: drawing moꝛe nigh we might diſcry the countenance of the one to be full of ſozrow: his face to be the very poꝛtrature of diſcontent, and his eyes full of woes, that liuing he ſeemed to die, we (to heare what theſe were) ſtole priuily behinde the thicke, where we ouer hard this diſcourſe.

### *A pleaſant Eglog betweene Montanus and Coridon.*

#### *Coridon.*

SAY ſhepheards boy, what makes thee greete ſo ſore,  
Why leaues thy pipe his pleaſure and delight:  
Yong are thy yeares, thy cheekes with Roſes dight,  
Then ſing for ioy (ſweete ſwain) and ſigh no more.

This milke-white Poppy and this climbing Pine,  
Both promiſe ſhade, then lit thee downe and ſing:  
And make theſe woods with pleaſant notes to ring,  
Till *Phebus* daine all weſtward to decline.

#### *Montanus.*

Ah (*Coridon*) vnmeete is melodie,  
To him whome proud contempt hath ouerborne:  
Slaine are my ioies by *Phebus* bitter ſcorne,  
Far hence my weale, and neere my icopardy.

Loues burning brand is chouched in my breſt,  
Making a *Phenix* of my faintfull heart:  
And though his fury do inforce my ſmart,  
Ay blitham I to honour his becheſt.



## golden Legacie.

Prepard to woes since so my *Phebe* wils,  
My lookes dismaid since *Phebe* will disdaine:  
I bannish blisse and welcome home my paine.  
So streame my teares as showers from Alpine hills:

In errors maske I blindfold iudgments eye,  
I fetter reason in the snares of lust:  
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust,  
I liue by that, which makes me liuing die.

Deuide of rest, companion of distresse,  
Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thought:  
How may my voice or pipe in tune be brought,  
Since I am rest of solace and delight:

*Coridon.*

Ah Lorelllad, what makes thee Herry loue,  
A sugred harme, a poison full of pleasure:  
A painted shrine fulfild with rotten treasure,  
A heauen in shew, a hell to them that proue,

A gaine in seeming, shadowed still with want,  
A broken staffe which folly doth vphold:  
A flower that fades with euery frosty colde,  
An orient Rose sprung from a withered plant,

A minutes ioy, to gaine a world of grieffe,  
A subtil net to snare the idle minde:  
A seeing Scorpion yet in seeming blinde,  
A poore roioyce, a plague without reliefe.

For thy *Montanus* follow mine arreede,  
Whome age hath taught the traines that fancie vseth:  
Leaue folish loue for beautie wit abuseth,  
And drownes (by follie) vertues springing seede.

*Montanus.*

So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes,  
And bird the snare, because it doth entrap.

E

And



## Euphues

And fooles true loue, be cause of fory hap,  
And sailers curle the ship that ouerturnes,

But would the childe forbear to play with flame,  
And birds beware to trust the foulers gin:  
And fooles foresee before they fall and sin,  
And masters guide their ships in better frame.

The childe would praise the fire because it warms,  
And birds reioice to see the fouler faile:  
And fooles preuent, before their plagues preuaile,  
And sailers blesse the barke that saues from harmes.

Ah *Coridon*, though many be thy yeares,  
And crooked elde had some experiencele ft:  
Yet is thy minde of iudgment quite berect,  
In view of loue, whose power in me appeares,

The ploughman little wots to turne the pen,  
Or bookemans skills to guide the ploughmans cart:  
Nor can the Cobler count the tearmes of arte,  
Nor base men iudge the thoughts of mightie men,

Nor withered age (vnmeet for beauties guide,  
Vncapable of loues impression)  
Discourse of that, whole choice possession,  
May neuer to so base a man betyed.

But I (whome nature makes of tender molde,  
And youth most pliant yeelds to fancies fire)  
To build my hauen and heauen on sweete desire:  
On sweete desire more deare to me then gold.

Thinke I of loue, O how my lines aspire,  
How hast the Muses to imbrace my browes,  
And hem my temples in with Lawrell bowes,  
And fill my braine with chaste and holy fire.

Then



## golden Legacie.

Then leaue my lines their homely equipage,  
Mounted beyond the circle of the lunne;  
Amazd I read the stile when I haue done,  
And herry loue that sent that heauenly rage.

Of *Phebe* then, of *Phebe* then I sing,  
Drawing the purity of all the spheares,  
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appears,  
Her honored face and fame to light to bring.

Influent numbers and in pleasant vaines,  
I robbe both sea and earth of all their state,  
To praise her parts: I charme both time and fate,  
To blesse the nymph that yeelds me louesick paines.

My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward will,  
Guides in the Labyrinth of restles loue,  
Feare lends them pasture where so ere they moue,  
And by their death their life renounceth still.

My sheephooke is my pen, mine oaten reed,  
My paper, where my many woes are written:  
Thus silly swaine (with loue and fancie bitten)  
I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weed.

Ye are my cares, my broken sleeps, my teares,  
My dreames, my doubts, for *Phebe* sweet to me:  
Who waiteth heauen in sorrows vale must be,  
And glory shines where danger most appears.

Then *Coridon* although I blithe me not,  
Blame me not man since sorrow is my sweet:  
So willeth Loue, and *Phebe* thinkes it meet,  
And kinde *Montanus* liketh well his lot.

*Coridon.*

Oh staylesse youth, by error so misguided,  
Where will prescribeth lawes to perfect wits,



## Euphues

Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,  
And folly poysoneth all that time provided,

With wilfull blindnes bleard, prepar'd to shame,  
Prone to neglect occasion when she smiles:  
Alas that Loue by fond and froward guiles,  
Should make thee tract the path to endles blame.

Ah (my *Montanus*) cursed is the charme,  
That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes:  
Leaue off in time to like these vanities,  
Be forward to thy good, flie thy harme.

As many Bees as *Hibla* daylie shields,  
As many frie as fleete on *Oceans* face,  
As many heards as on the earth do trace,  
As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields.

As many stars as glorious heauen containes,  
As many stormes as wayward winter weepes,  
As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes:  
So many grieues in loue, so many paines.

Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, praiers,  
Mislikes, misdeeds, fond ioyes, and fained peace,  
Illusions, dreams, great paines, and small increase,  
Vowes, hope, acceptance, scornes, and deepe despair.

Truce, warre, and woe, doe waite at beauties gate:  
Time lost, laments, reports, and priuy grudge,  
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall Iudge,  
Who yeelds for seruice, shame: for friendship hate.

*Montanus.*

All Adder-like I stopt mine cares (fond swaine)  
So charme no more, for I will neuer change.  
Call home thy flocks betime that stragling range:  
For lo, the sunne declineth hence amaine.

Terentius



# golden Legacie.

Terentius.

*In amore hæc insunt vitia: induciæ, inimicitie, bellum, pax rursus: incerta hæc si in postules, ratione certa fieri nibilo plus agere, quam fides operam, ut cum ratione insanias.*

The shepheards hauing thus ended their Eglogue, Aliena stept with Ganimedæ from behinde the thicket: at whose sodaine sight the shepheards arose, and Aliena saluted them thus: Shepheards, all haile (for such we deem you by your flocks) and Louers good luck (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by Loue, yet by fortune, I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts: wandring this way in a Forrest unknowne, onely I and my Page, wearied with trauel would faine haue some place of rest. May you appoint vs any place of quiet harbor (be it neuer so meane) I shall be thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whomsoever shall bee mine Hoste. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman speake so courteously returned her mildelie and reuerentlie this answer.

Faire Mistres, we retorne you as heartie a welcome as you gaue vs a courteous salute. A shepherd I am, and this a louer, as watchfull to please his wench, as to feede his sheepe: full of fancies, and therefore say I, full of follies. Erhozt him I may, but perswade him I cannot: for loue admits neither of counsaile, nor reason. But leauing him to his passions, if you be distressed, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamity: pray for you I may, but relieue you I cannot: marry if you wante lodging, if you vouche to shrowd your selues in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presentlie late her downe, and Ganimedæ by her. Coridon looking earnestly vpon her, and with a curious suruey, viewing all her perfections, applauded in his thought her excellence, and pittying her distresse, was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damosel) occasionate offence, or renewe your griefes by rubbing the scar, I would faine craue so much fauour, as to know the cause of your misfortunes: and why, and whither you wander with your Page in so dangerous a Forrest. Aliena



## Euphues

(that was as courteous as she was fayre) made this reply: Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought neuer to be offensive, and question of courtesie carry p̄uiledged pardons in their foreheads. Know therefore, to discouer my fortunes were to renue my sorowes, & I should by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fire out of the cyndres. Therefore let this suffice gentle Shepheard, my distresse is as great as my trauaile is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest to light on some Cottage where I and my Page may dwell: for I mean to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, so become a shepheardesse, meaning to liue low, and content me with a countrey life: for I haue heard the swaines say, that they drunke without suspicion, & slept without care. Harry mistresse (quoth Coridon) if you meane so you came in good time, for my Landlord intends to sell both the farme I t̄ll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may haue them for ready money: and for a shepheards life (oh Mistres) did you but liue a while in theyr content, you would say the Court were rather a place of sorow then of solace. Were Mistres shall not fortune thwart you, but in meane misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breeds no beggery, so it can be no extreame p̄iudice: the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Enuy stirs not vs, we couet not to climbe, our desires mount not aboue our degrees, nor our thoughts aboue our fortunes. Care cannot harbor in our Cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wee excede not ill dyet, so wee haue enough to satisfie: and Distresse, I haue so much Latine, *Satis quod est sufficit.*

By my truth shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest mee in loue with your countrey life, and therefore send for thy Landlord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still vnder me be ouerseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake, I and my Page will serue you, lead the flocks to the field, & folde them: Thus will I liue quiet, vnkowne, & contented. The newes so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should neuer be put out of his farme, that putting off his shepheards bonnet, he did her all the reuerences that he might. But all this while late Montanus in a muse thinking of the crueltie of his Phoebe, whom he wooed long, but was in hope to winne. Ganimedee who still had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughts,ooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at loue, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last when she had noted



## golden Legacie.

his teares that stole downe his cheekes, & his sighes that broke from the centre of his heart, pitting his lament, she demaunded of Coridon why the yong shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Oh sir (quoth he) the boy is in loue. Why (quoth Ganimedee) can shepherdes loue? I (quoth Montanus) and ouer-loue, els shouldst not thou see me so pensue. Loue I tell thee, is as precious in a shepherdes eye as in the lookes of a King, and we country swaines entertaine fancie with as great delight as the proudest Courtier doth affection. Opportunity (that is the sweetest friend to Venus) harboreth in our Cottages, and loyaltie (the chiefest fealtie that Cupid requireth) is found more among shepherds then higher degrees. Then aske not if such silly swaines can loue: what is the cause then, quoth Ganimedee that Loue being so sweet to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because quoth Montanus, the party beloued is froward: and hauing curtesie in her lookes, holdeth disdaine in her tongues end: what hath she then (quoth Aliena) in heart? Desire (I hope Madame) quoth he, or els my hope lost, despaire in Loue were death. As thus they chatted, the Sunne beeing ready to set, and they not hauing folded their sheepe, Coridon requested she would sit there with her Page, till Montanus and he lodged their sheepe for that night. You shall see quoth Aliena, but first I will intreate Montanus to sing some amorous Sonnet that he made when he hath been deeply passionate. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he began thus.

Montanus.

Phebet fate,

Sweete she fate:

Sweete fate Phebe when I saw her.

White her brow,

Coy her eye:

Brow and eye how much you please me.

Words I spent,

Sighes I sent:

Sighes and words could neuer draw her.

Oh my loue,

Thou art lost:

Since no sight could euer ease thee.

Phabe



## Euphues

Phoebe fate,

By a fount:

Sitting by a fount I spide her.

Sweete her touch,

Rare her voice:

Touch and voice what may distaine you.

As she sung,

I did sigh,

And by sighes whilst that I tride her.

Oh mine eyes,

You did loose:

Her first sight whose want did paine you,

Phebes flocks,

White as wooll:

yet were Phebes lookes more whiter.

Phebes eyes,

Douelike milde:

Douelike eyes, both milde and cruell.

Montan swears,

In your lamps:

He will die for to delight her.

Phebe yee'd,

Or I dye:

Shall true hearts be fancies fuell.

Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet, but Coridon with a low curtesie rose vp, and went with his fellow, and shut their sheep in the foldes: and after returning to Aliena and Ganymede, conducted them home weary to his poore cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loues: he resolving Aliena that Phoebe was the fairest Shepheardesse in all France, and that in his eye her beautie was equall with the Nymphes. But quoth he as of all stones the Diamond is most clearest, and yet most hard for the Lapidorie to cut, as of all flowers the Rose is the fairest and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: so of all our countrey Lasses Phebe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to stoope vnto desire. But let her take heede quoth he, I haue heard of Narcissus who



## golden Legacie.

who for his high disdain against Loue, perished in the folly of his owne loue. With this they were at Coridons Cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went into rest. Alinda and Ganimede glad of so contented a shelter, made mery with the poore Swaine: and though they had but country fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so great, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delycate, and slept as soundly as if they had bin in the Court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toyle of vnaccustomed trauaile: but as soone as they got vp, Aliena resolved there to set vp their rest, and by the helpe of Coridon swapt a bargaine with his Landlord, and so became mistris of the farme and of the flocke: her selfe putting on the attire of a shepheardesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: euery day leading forth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thought no content to the blisse of a Country Cottage. Leauing her thus famous amongst the shepheards of Arden, againe to Saladine.

When Saladine had a long while concealed a secret resolution of reuenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flare, nor oyle in the flame: (for enuy is like lightning, that will appeere in the darkest fog.) It chanced in a morning very early he cald vp certaine of his seruants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, he entred with his crue, and surprized his brother when he was a sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his hall chained him to a post. Rosader amazed at this strange chance, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sodaine extremity, wherein he had wrongd: and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance. Saladine answered him onely with a looke of disdain, and went his way, leauing poore Rosader in a deepe perplexity. Who thus abused, fell into sundry passions, but no meanes of reliefe could be had: whereupon for anger he grew into a discontented mellancholly. In which humour he continued two or thre daies without meate: insomuch that seeing his brother would giue him no food he fell into dispaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer the olde seruant of sir John of Burdeaux seeing, touched with the dutie and loue he ought to his old master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap, and therefore, although Saladine hath giuen a generall charge to his seruants, that none of the vpon paine of death shold

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giue



## Euphues

giue either meate or drinke to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, & brought him such victuals as he could provide, & unlockt him and set him at liberty. After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt he was loose, straight his thoughtes aimed at reuenge, & now (all being a sleepe) he would haue quite Saladine with the method of his owne mischief. But Adam Spencer did perswade him to the contrary with these reasons: Sir quoth he, be content, for this night go again into your olde fetters, so shall you try the faith of friends, & saue the life of an olde seruant. Tomorrow hath your brother invited all your kindred & allies to a sollemn breakfast, onely to see you, telling them all that you are mad, and faine to be tied to a poast. Assoone as they come, complaine to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladine. If they redresse you, why so: but if they passe ouer your plaints, *siccopede*, and hold with the violence of your brother befoze your innocence, then thus: I will leaue you unlockt that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the end of the Hall shall you see stand a couple of good pollares, one for you and another for me: When I giue you a wincke, shake off your chaines, and let vs play the men, and make hauocke amongst them, driue them out of the house and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the King hath made a redresse of your abuses. These words of Adam Spencer perswaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appointed, came all the guests bidden by Saladine, whome he intreated with courteous and curious entertainment, as they all perceiued their welcome to be great. The tables in the hall where Rosader was tyed, were couered, and Saladine bringing in his guesstes together, shewing them where his brother was bound, and was inchaînd as a man lunaticke. Rosader made reply, & with some inuectiues made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladine, desiring they would in pittie seeke some meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine, they had stoppt their eares with *Vlisses*, that were his words neuer so forcible, he breathed onely his passions into the winde. They carelesse, sate downe with Saladine to dinner, beeing very frolicke & pleasant, washing their heades well with *Wine*. At last, when the fume of the grape had entered peale-meale into their braines, they began in satiricall speeches to raile against Rosader: which Adam Spencer no longer brooking gaue the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaines  
got



## golden Legacie.

got a pollaxe in his hand and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slue some, and drave his brother and all the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleare, hee shut the doores, and being soze an hungred, and seeing such good victuals, he fate him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellows as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladine had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampierd vp the house, least vpon a sodaine his brother should raise some crue of his tenants, and surprize them vn-awares. But Saladine tooke a contrary course, and went to the Sheriffe of the shire and made complainte of Rosader, who giuing credite to Saladine, in a determined resolution to reuenge the gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him fife and twenty tall men, and made a bow, either to breake into the house and take Rosader, or else to coope him in til he made him yeeld by famine. In this determination, gathering a crue together, he wente forwarde to set Saladine in his former estate. Newes of this was brought vnto Rosader, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brookt al the iniuries of fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the Sheriffe. As he walkt vpon the battlements of the house, he descried wher Saladine and he drew neere, with a troope of lusty gallants. At this he smiled, & cald by Adam Spencer, and shewed him the enuious trechery of his brother, and the folly of the Sheriffe to be so credulous: now Adam quoth he, what shal I do? It rests for me, either to yeeld vpon the house to my brother and seeke a reconcilement, or els issue out, and breake through the company with courage, for soopt in like a coward I will not be. If I submit (Ah Adam) I dishonour my selfe, and that is worse then death, for by such open disgraces, the fame of men grows odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may fauour me, and I may escape with life, but suppose the worst: if I be slaine, then my death shall be honorable to me, & so vnequall a reuenge infamous to Saladine. Why then maister forwarde and feare not, out amongst them, they be but saint hearted lozels, and for Adam Spencer, if he die not at your foote, say he is a dastard. These wordes cheered vp so the heart of yong Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them all, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the Sheriffe: for no sooner came Saladine and he to the gates, but Rosader vnlooke for, leapt out and



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assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to giue backe, so that Adam and he broke through the pzeale in despight of them all, and tooke their way towards the fozeest of Arden. This repulse so set the Sheriffs hart on fire to reuenge, that he straight raised all the Countrey, and made Hue and Crie after them. But Rosader and Adam knowing full well the secret wayes that led through the Vineyards, stole away priuily through the prouince of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the Fozeest of Arden. Being come thither, they were glad they had so good a harbor: but fortune (who is like the Camelion) variable with euery obiect, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myzrois of mutability, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the by-waies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the fozeest, where they wandzed fūe or sixe dayes without meate, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer (being olde) began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplered: which sight made him shed teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.

### Adam Spencers speech.

**O**h how the life of man may well be compared to the state of the Ocean seas, that for euery calme hath a thousand stormes, resembling the Rose tree, that for a fewe flowers, hath a multitude of sharpe prickles: all your pleasures end in paine, and our highest delights, are crossed with deepest discontentes. The ioyes of man, as they are fewe, so are they momentary, scarce ripe before they are rotten: and withering in the blossome, either parched with the heate of enuie, or Fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friend, that in all thy deedes art froward and fickle, delighting in the pouerty of the lowest, and the ouerthrow of the highest, to decipher thy inconstancie: Thou standest vpon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with times feathers, that thou maist euer be restless: thou art double faced like Ianus, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray, thou profferest an Cele, and perfozimest a Scorpion, & where thy greatest fauours be, there is the feare of the extreamest  
mis.



## golden Legacie.

misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why (Adam) dost thou exclaime against Fortune? She laughes at the plaints of the distressed: and there is nothing more pleasing vnto her, then to heare fooles boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowful men to discouer the sower of their passions. Glut her not Adam then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishaps with patience. For there is no greater check to the pride of fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe ouer her crosses without care. Thou art old Adam, and thy hayres were white, the Palme tree is already full of bloomes, & in the furrowes of thy face appeares the Kalenders of death: Wert thou blessed by fortune thy yeares could not be many, nor the date of thy life long: then sicke nature must haue her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little befoze the day. Ah, it is not this which grieueth me, nor do I care what mishaps fortune can wage against me: but the sight of Rosader, that galleth vnto the quicke. When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe: then doe I say, that fortune and fates are most iniurious, to censure so harde extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thy yeares, burdome and full of May. Nature hath prodigally enricht thee with her fauours, & vertue made thee the myrror of her excellence: and now through the decree of the vniust stars, to haue all these good parts nipped in the blade, and blemisht by the inconstancie of fortune. Ah Rosader, could I helpe thee, my griefe were the lesse, and happy should my death be, if it might be the beginning of thy reliefe: but seeing we perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I do? pzeuent the sight of his further misfortune, with a pzeent dispatche of mine owne life. Ah, despayre is a mercilesse sinne.

As he was ready to goe forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him change colour, he rose vp and went to him, and holding his temples, said: What cheere master: though all fayle, let not the heart fainte: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted vp his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weepe. Ah Adam quoth he, I sorrow not to die, but I griue at the manner of my death. Might I with my Launce encounter the enemy, and so dye in the field, it were honoz, and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wilde



## Euphues

beast, and perish as his pray, I were satisfied: but to die with hunger, O Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames. Maister (quoth hee) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot liue without meat, seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one, preserve the life of the other. I am olde, and ouerworne with age, you are young, and are the hope of many honours: let mee then die, I will presently cut my veines, and Maister, with the warme bloud relieue your fainting spirits: suck on that till I end, and you be comforted, With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though very faint) rose vp, and wisht Adam Spencer to sit there till his returne: for my minde giues me quoth he, I shall bring thee meat. With that, like a madde man he rose vp, and ranged vp and downe the woods seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his Rapier, that eyther hee might carrie his friend Adam food, or els pledge his life in pawne of his loyalty. It chanced that day, that Gerismond the lawfull king of France, banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of Outlawes liued in that forrest, that day in honoꝝ of his birth, made a feast to all his bold Peomen, and frolickt it with stoꝝ of wine and Uenison, sitting all at a long table vnder the shadow of Limon trees, to that place by chance Fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of braue men, hauing stoꝝ of that, for want of which he and Adam perished, he stept boldly to the boords end, and salutes the company thus.

Whatsoeuer thou be, that art maister of these lusty Squires, I salute thee as graciously, as a man in extreame distresse may: knowe that I and a fellow friend of mine, are here famished in the forrest for want of foode: perish we must vnlesse relieved by thy fauoure. Therefore if thou be a Gentleman, giue meat to men, and to such as are euery way worthy of life: let the proudest Squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with me in any honorable point of actiuitie whatsoever, and if he and thou prooue me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will haue amongst you with my sword: for rather will I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moued with so great pittie, that rising from the table, hee tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eate his fill, but the  
Lord



## golden Legacie.

Lord of the feast. Gramercy sir (quoth Rosader) but I haue a feeble friend that lies hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, & dishonour it were for me to tast one crum, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore wil I run and fetch him, & then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happy fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not goe: whereupon Rosader got him vp on his backe, & brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship: & Rosader hauing Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Well to be shor, those hungry squiers fell to their victuals, & feasted themselves with good delicates, and great stoze of wine. As soon as they had taken their repast, Gerismond desirous to heare what hard fortune draue them into those bitter extremities, requested Rosader to discourse, (if it were not any way preiudiciall vnto him) the cause of his trauel. Rosader (desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his fauorable Host, first beginning his exordium with a volley of sighs, & a few luke warme teares) prosecuted his discourse, & tolde him from point to point all his fortunes, how he was the yongest sonne of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the Sheriffe, and hurting his men he fled: and this old man (quoth he) whome I so much loue and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an olde seruant of my Fathers, and one (that for his loue) neuer failed me in all my misfortunes. When Gerismond heard this, he fell on the neck of Rosader, and next discoursing vnto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull King, exiled by Torismond, what familiaritie had euer been betwixt his father sir Iohn of Bourdeaux and him, how faithfull a subiect he liued, and how honorably he dyed: promising (for his sake) to giue both him and his friend such courteous entertainment, as his present estate could minister: and vpon this made him one of his Forresters. Rosader seeing it was the King, craued pardon for his boldnesse, in that hee did not doe him due reuerence, and humbly gaue him thanks for his fauourable courtesie. Gerismond not satisfied yet with newes, beganne to enquire if hee had beene lately in the Courte of Torismond, & whether he had scene his daughter Rosalind, or no? At this  
Rosa-



## Euphues

Rosader fetcht a great sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answer: yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he reuealed to the King, how Rosalynnd was banished, & how there was such a Sympathy of affections betwixt Alinda and her, that she chose rather to be partaker of her exile, then to parte fellowship: whereupon the vnnaturall King banished them both: and now they are wandered none knowes whether, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes droue the King into a great melancholly, that presently he arose from all the company, and went into his priuy chamber, so secret as the harbour of the woods would allow him. The company was all dasyt at these tidings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer hauing such opportunitie, went to take their rest. Where we leaue them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The sight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladine was sole heire of the lands of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire reuenewes, found iust occasion to quarrel with Saladine, about the wrongs he proffered to his brother: and therefore dispatching a Herault, he sent for Saladine in all poast hast. Who marvailling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offended his highnesse: but imboldened with his innocence, he boldly went with the Herault vnto the Court. Where as soone as he came, he was not admitted vnto the presence of the King, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladine, chiefly in that the Tayler had straight charge ouer him, to see that he shold be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, grieve and disquieted passions, he resolved into these tearmes.

### Saladynes complaint.

**V** Nhappy Saladine, whome folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the labyrinth of these calamities. Are not the heauens doomers of mens deedes? And holdes not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with fauour, and reuenge with iustice? Oh Saladine, the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule: and not only discouering little nourture, but blemishing the excellence of nature. Whelpes of one litter are euer most  
louing



## golden Legacie.

louing, and brothers that are sonnes of one father, should liue in friendship without iarre. Oh Saladine, so it should be: but thou hast with the Deare fedde against the winde, with the crabbe stroue against the streame, and sought to peruert nature by unkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader (Saladine) cries for reuenge, his youth pleads to God to inflict some penance vpon thee, his vertues are pleas that inforce wittes of displeasure to crosse thee: thou hast highly abused thy kinde and naturall brother, and the heauens cannot spare to quite thee with punishment. There is no King to the worne of conscience, no hel to a minde touched with gilt. Euery wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a drop of bloud from my heart, euery bad looke, euery frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and saies Saladine thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thy selfe some penance to discover thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the King: who with a looke that threatned death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was: Saladine made answer, that vpon some rovat made against the Sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whether, May villaine (quoth he) I haue heard of the wronges thou hast proffered thy brother since the death of thy father, and by thy meanes haue I lost a most braue and resolute Cheualier. Therefore in iustice to punish thee, I spare thy life for fathers sake, but banish thee for euer from the Court & cuntry of France, and see thy departure be within ten daies, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head, & with that the King flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladine greatly exasperated. Who greening at his exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and penance of his former follies to trauaile abroad in euery Coast till he had found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I doe beginne.

Rosader being thus preferred to the place of a Forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continuall exercise, trauersing the groues and wilde Forrestes: partly to heare the melody of the sweete birds which recorded, & partly to shew his diligent indenuour in his masters behalfe. Yet whatsoever he did, or how soeuer he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde remained in memorie: on her sweete perfections he fed his thoughts prouing himselfe like the eagle a true bozne bird, since that the one is  
knowne



## Euphues

knowne by beholding the Sunne, so was he by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the rest finding a fit opportunitie & place convenient, desirous to discover his woes in the woodes, he ingraued with his knife on the bark of a Fir tree, to this pretie estimate of his Mistres perfection.

### Sonetto.

Of all chaste birdes the Phœnix doth excell,  
Of all strong beastes the Lion beares the bell:  
Of all sweete flowers the Rose doth sweetest smell,  
Of all faire maides my Rosalynd is fairest.  
Of all pure mettals gold is onely purest,  
To all high trees the Pine hath highest crest:  
Of all soft sweetes, I like my mistris best,  
Of all chaste thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.  
Of all proude birdes the Eagle pleaseth Ioue,  
Of pretty foules kinde Venus likes the Dove:  
Of trees Minerva doth the Olive love,  
Of all sweet Nymphes I honour Rosalynd:  
Of all her gifts her wisdom pleaseth most,  
Of all her graces vertue she doth boast:  
For all the gifts my life and ioy is lost,  
If Rosalynd prooue cruell and unkinde,

In these and such like passions Rosader did euery day eternize the name of his Rosalynd: and this day especially when Aliena and Ganimede (inforced by the heat of the Sun to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arrived in that place, where this amorous Forrester registred his melancholy passions: they saw the sodaine change of his lookes, his folded armes, his passionate sighes, they heard him often abruptly call on Rosalynd: who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that she shrowded her paines in the cinders of honorable modesty. Whereupon (getting him to be in loue, & according to the nature of their sere, being pittifull in that behalfe) they sodainly brake off his melancholy by their approach, and Ganimede shooke him out of his dumps thus.

What newes Forrester? hast thou wounded some Deere, & lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse, thy fees was but  
the



## golden Legacie.

the skin, the shoulder, and the hories : tis hunters lucke to ayme faire and misse : and a woodmans fortune to strike, and yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede (quoth Aliena) his passions are greater, and his sighes discouer more losse : perhaps in tra- uersing these thickets, he hath seene some beautifull Nymph, and is growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for here he hath newly engrauen some Sonnet: come and see the discourse of the For- resters poems. Reading the sonnet ouer, and hearing him name Ro- salynd, Aliena lookt on Ganimede, and laught, and Ganimede look- ing backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht : yet thinking to shrowde all vnder her Pages apparell, she boldly retur- ned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell me Forrester, what is this Rosalynd for whome thou pinest away in such passions : Is she some Nymph that waites vpon Dianas traine, whose chastitie thou haste decyphered in such Epethites : Or is she some shepheardesse that haunts these plaines, whose beauty hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou sha- dowest in couert vnder the figure of Rosalynd, as Ouid did Iulia, vnder the name of Corinna : Or say me forsooth, is it that Rosalynd of whom we shepheards haue heard talke, she (Forrester) that is the daughter of Grismond, that once was King, and now an Out- law in this Forrest of Arden. At this Rosader fetcht a deepe sigh, and said, It is the Gentle Swain, it is she, that Saint it is whome I serue, that Goddesse at whose shrine I doe bend all my deuotions : the most fayrest of all faires, the Phenix of all that lere, and the pu- rity of all earthly perfection. And why [gentle Forrester] if she be so beautifull, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughtes : Happily shee resembleth the Rose, that is sweete, but full of prickles : or the Serpent Regius that hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, and a breath as infectious as the Aconitum is dead- lie : So thy Rosalynd may be most amiable, and yet unkinde : full of fauour, and yet froward : coye without wit, and disdainefull without reason.

A shepheard quoth Rosader, knewest thou her personage graced with the excellence of all perfection, being a harbor wherein the Graces shrowd their vertues : thou wouldst not breath out such blas- phemy against the beautionous Rosalynd. She is a Diamond, bright,



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but not hard, yet of most chaste operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a Rose without prickles, and a princeesse absolute, as well in beauty as in vertue. But I, unhappy I, haue let mine eye soare with the Eagle against so bright a Sun, that I am quite blind: I haue with Apollo enamored my selfe of a Daphne, not (as she) disoainfull, but far more chaste than Daphne: I haue with Ixion layd my loue on Iuno, and shall (I feare) embrace nought but a cloude. Ah shepheard, I haue reacht at a starre, my desires haue mounted aboue my degree, and my thoughts aboue my fortunes I being a Pasant, haue ventured to gaze on a Princeesse, whose honours are too high to vouchsafe such base loues.

Why! Forrester quoth Ganimede, comfort thy selfe: be blicke and frolicke man. Loue sowleth as low as she soareth high, and Cupid shootes at a rag as soone as at a robe, and Venus eye that was so curious, sparkled fauour on pole-footed Vulcan. Feare not man, womens looks are not tied to dignities feather, nor make thy curious extreme, where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not Forrester, faint heart neuer wonne sayre Lady. But where liues Rosalynd now, at the Court?

Oh no quoth Rosader, she liues I know not where, and that is my sorrow, banished by Torismond, and that is my hell: for might I but finde her sacred personage, and plead before the bar of her pitie, the plaint of my passions, hope tels me she would grace me with some fauour: and that would suffice as recompence of all my former miseries. Much haue I heard of thy mistresse excellence, and I know Forrester thou canst describe her at the ful, as one that hath suruayed all her parts with a curious eye: then do that fauour, to tell me what her perfections be. That I will quoth Rosader, for I glory to make all eares wonder at my Mistresse excellence. And with that he puld a paper forth his bosome, wherein he read this.

### *Rosalynds description.*

Like to the cleere in highest spheare,  
Where all imperiall glory shines,  
Of selfe same colour is her haire,  
Whether vnfolded or in twines:

Heigh ho, fayre Rosalynd,  
Her eyes are Saphiros set in snow,

Refining



## golden Legacie.

Refining heauen by euery wincke:  
The gods do feare when as they glow,  
And I doe tremble when I thinke,  
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her cheekes are like the blushing cloude,  
That beautifies *Auroras* face,  
Or like the siluer Crimson shrowde,  
That *Phoebus* smiling looks dooth grace:

Heigh ho fayre *Rosalynd*:  
Her lips are like two budded Roses,  
Whom rankes of Lillies neighbor nigh,  
Within which bounds the blame incloses,  
Apt to intice a Deitie:

Heigh ho would she were mine.

Her necke like to a stately tower,  
Where loue himselfe imprisoned lies,  
To watch for glances euery houre,  
From her diuine and sacred eyes,

Heigh ho faire *Rosalynd*.

Her paps are centers of delight,  
Her paps are orbes of heauenly frame,  
Where nature molds the dew of light,  
To feed perfection with the same:

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With Orient pearle, with Rubie red,  
With Marble white, with Saphire blew,  
Her body euery way is fed,  
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view:

Heigh ho, faire *Rosalynd*.

Nature her selfe her shape admires,  
The gods are wounded in her sight,  
And loue forsakes his heauenly fires,  
And at her eyes his brand doth light:

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muse not Nymphs though I bemoane,



## Euphues

The absence of fayre Rosalynd,  
Since for her fayre there is fayrer none,  
Nor for her vertues so diuine.

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynd,  
Heigh ho my hart, would god that she were mine.  
*Perit, quia deperibat.*

Belecue me (quoth Ganimede) either the Forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalynd far aboue wonder: so it makes me blush, to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so vnperfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly gentle Page, thou hast cause to complaine thee, wert thou the substance: but resembling the shadow, content thy selfe: for it is excellence enough to be like the excellence of nature. He hath answered you Ganimede quoth Aliena, it is enough for Pages to waite on beautiful Ladies, and not to be beautifull themselves. Oh Mistres quoth Ganimede, hold you your peace, for you are partiall: Who knowes not, but that all women haue desire to tie soueraignty to their peticoates, and ascribe beauty to themselves, where if boyes might put on their garments, perhaps they would pzooue as comely, if not as comely, as curteous. But tell me Forrester, (and with that she turned to Rosader) vnder whom maintainest thou thy walke? Gentle Swaine, vnder the King of Outlawes, sayd he, the vnfortunate Gerismond, who hauing lost his kingdome, crowneth his thoughts with content, accounting it better to gouerne among poore men in peace, than great men in danger. But hast thou not said she, ) hauing some melancholy opportunities as the Forrest affordeth thee ) written more sonnets in commendations of thy Mistres? I haue gentle Swaine quod he, but they be not about me: to morrow by dawne of day, if your flocks feed in these pastures, I will bring them you: wherein you shal read my passions, whiles I feele them, iudge my patience when you read it: till when I bid farewell. So giuing both Ganimede & Aliena a gentle goodnight, he resorted to his lodge, leauing them to their prittle prattle. So Ganimede (said Aliena, the forrester being gone) you are mightily beloued, men make ditties in your praise, spende sighes for your sake, make an idoll of your beauty: surely it grieues me not a little to see the poore man so pensiue, and you so pitiless.

Oh Aliena (quoth she) be not peremptory in your iudgements, I  
heare



## golden Legacie.

heare Rosalynd praisd as I am Ganimede, but were I Rosalynd, I could answer the forrester: if he mourne for loue, there are medicines for loue: Rosalynd cannot be faire and unkinde. And so Dame you see it is time to folde our flockes, or els Coridon will frown, & say you will neuer proue good huswife. With that they put their sheepe into the coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage, Aliena as mery as might be, that she was thus in the company of her Rosalynd: but she pooze soule, that had loue her loadstarre, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancy, coulde take no rest, but being alone began to consider what passionate penance pooze Rolader was enioyned to by Loue and Fortune: that at last he fell into this humoz with hir selfe.

Rosalinde passionate alone.

**A**h Rosalynde, how the Fates haue set downe in their Synode to make thee unhappy: for when Fortune hath done her worst, then Loue comes in to begin a new tragedy: she seekes to lodge her sonne in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosomie. Beware fond girle, he is an unruly guest to harbor: for entring in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuel, as no water is able to quench. Seest thou not how Venus seekes to wzap thee in her Labrynth, wherein is pleasure at the enterance, but within, sorowes, cares, and discontent: she is a Syren, stoppe thine eares at thy melody: she is a Basiliske: shut thine eyes and gaze not at her least thou perish. Thou art now placed in the Countrey content, where are heauenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those Lawndes where thy flocks feede, Diana haunts: be as her Nymphs chaste, and enemy to Love, for there is no greater honour to a maid, then to account of Fancie as a mortall foe to their Sere. Daphne, that bonny wench, was not turned into a Bay tree, as the Poetes faine, but for her chastity her fame was immortall, resembling the Lawrell that is euer greene. Follow thou her steppes Rosalynde, and the rather, for that thou art an erile, & banished from the court: whose distresse, as it is appeased with patience, so it would be renewed with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, least louing in hast, thou repent thee at leasure. Ah but yet Rosalind, it is Rolader that courts thee, on who as he is beautifull, so he is vertuous



## Euphues

ous, and harborerh in his minde as many good quallities as his face is shadowed with grations fauours: and therefore Rosalind stoope to Loue, least being either too coy, or too cruell, Venus wareth wrath, and plague thee with the reward of disdain.

Rosalind thus passionate, was wakened from her dumps by Aliena, who said it was time to goe to bed. Coridon swore that was true, for Charcls Waine was risen in the North. Whereupon each taking leaue of other, went to their rest, all but the poore Rosalind: who was so full of passions, that she could not possesse any content. Well, leauing her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning.

The Sunne was no sooner stept from the bedde of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganymede: who restlesse all night had tossed in her passions: saying it was then time to goe to the field to vnfold their sheep. Aliena (that spied wher the hare was by the hoards, & could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganymede, & therfore replied thus: What wanton? the Sunne is but new vp, & as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosome of Flora, Phoebus hath not dyed by the pearled dewe, and so long Coridon hath taught me it is not fit to leade the sheepe abroad: least the dew being vnwholesome, they get the rot: but now see I the old prouerbe true, he is in hast whome the diuell buzies: and where loue pricks forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah my good Page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thy heart? What, hast thou wrapt loue in thy lookes? and set all thy thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame as hard to be quencht as that of Aetna. But nature must haue her course, womens eyes haue faculty attractiue like the ieat, & retentive like the Diamond: they dally in the delight of faire objects, til gazing on the Panthers beautifull skin, repenting experience tel them he hath a deuouring panche. Come on (quod Ganymede) this sermon of yours is but a subtiltie to lie still a bed, because either you thinke the morning colde, or els I being gone, you would steale a nappe: this shifte carries no paulme, and therefore vp and away. And for loue lec me alone, Ile whip him away with Nettles, and set disdain as a charme to withstand his forces: and therefore looke you to your selfe, be not too bold, for Venus can make you bend: nor too coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie *Peccani*. And that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath raised you so earlye  
this



## golden Legacie.

this morning. And with that she slipt on her peticoate, and start vp: and as soone as she had made her ready, & taken her breakfast, away goe these two with their bag and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of minde, than euer they were in the Court of Torismond. They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontented Forrester was walking in his melancholy. As soone as Aliena saw him, she smiled, and said to Ganymede, wipe your eyes sweeting: for yonder is your sweete hart this morning in deepe prayers no doubt to *Venus*, that she may make you as pittifull as he is passionate. Come one Ganymede, I pray thee lets haue a little spozte with him. Content (quoth Ganymede) and with that to waken him out of his deepe memento, she began thus.

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions. What makes you so early abroad this morne, in contemplation, no doubt of your Rosalynd. Take heede Forrester, step not too far, the Foozd may be deepe, and you slip over the shoes: I tell thee, flies haue their spleen, the ants choller, the least haire shadows, & the smallest loues great desires. 'Tis good (Forrester) to loue, but not to ouer-loue: least in louing her that likes not thee, thou folde thy selfe in an endlesse Labozynth. Rosader seeing the faire Shepheardesse and her pretty swaine, in whose company he felt the greatest ease of his care, he returned them a salute on this manner

Gentle Shepheards, all haile, and as healthfull be your flockes, as you happy in content. Loue is restless, and my body is but the cell of my bane, in that there I finde busie thoughts & broken slumbers: heere (although euery where passionate) I brooke loue with more patience, in that euery object feedes mine eye with variety of fancies: when I looke on Floreas beauntious tapistry, checkered with the pride of all her treasure, I cal to minde the faire face of Rosalynd whose heauenly hue exceeds the Rose & Lilly in their highest excellence: the brightnes of Phoebus shine: puts me to minde to thinke of the sparkling flames that flew from her eyes, and set my heart first on fire: the sweet harmony of the birdes, puts me in remembrance of the rare melody of her voice, which like the Syren enchaunteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I sawe my sorowes, with applying the perfection of euery object to the excellency of her quallities.

She is much beholding vnto you (quoth Aliena) & so much, that I  
h  
have



## Euphues

haue oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should euer proue as amorous  
as Oenone, I might finde as faithfull a Paris as your selfe,

How say you by this Item Forrester, (quoth Ganimede) the faire  
shepheardesse fauors you, who is mistres of so many flocks. Leauē of  
man the suspicion of Rosalinds loue, when as watching at her, you  
roue beyond the Doone, and cast your lookes vpon my mistris, who  
no doubt is as faire, though not so roiall, one bird in the hand, is  
worth two in the woode: better possesse the loue of Aliena, then  
catch friuolously at the shadow of Rosalynd:

Ile tell thee boy, quoth Ganimede, so is my fancy fired on my  
Rosalynd, that were thy mistres as faire as Lada or Danae, whom  
Ioue courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to  
entertaine their beauties: and so hath Loue lockt me in her per-  
fections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then  
absolutely possesse the excellence of another. Venus is too blame  
(Forrester) if hauing so true a seruant of you, she rewardeth you  
not with Rosalynd, if Rosalynd were more fairer then her selfe.

But leauing this prattle, now ile put you in minde of your promise,  
about those Sonnets which you saide were at home in your lodge. I  
haue them about me, quoth Rosader, let vs sit downe, and then you  
shall heare what a Poeticall fury Loue will infuse into a man: with  
that they sate downe vpon a greene banke, shadowed with fig trees,  
and Rosader, fetching a deep sigh, reade them this Sonnet.

### Rosaders Sonnet.

In sorrowes Cell I laid me downe to sleepe,  
But waking woes were iealous of mine eyes,  
They made them watch, and bend themselves to weepe,  
But weeping teares their want could not suffice:  
Yet fith for her they wept who guides my heart,  
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares, a fountaine fiercly springs,  
Where *Venus* baynes her selfe incensd with loue,  
Where *Cupid* bowseth his faire fethered wings,  
But I behold what paines I must approue.

Care drinks it dry, but when on her I thinke,  
Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brinke.

Meane



## golden Legacie.

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,  
By them the windes increast, and fiercely blow:  
Yet when I sigh the flame more plaine appeares,  
And by their force, with greater power doth glow.  
Amids these paines, all Phœnix like I thriue,  
Sith loue that yeelds me death, may life reuiue.

*Rosader en esperance.*

Now surely Forrester, quoth Aliena, when thou madest this Sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandary, neither too fearefull, as dispayring of thy mistres fauours, nor too gleesome, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile, quoth Ganimede, at the Sonnettoes, Canzones, Madrigals, rounds, and roundelays, that these pensive patients poure out, when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, then their hearts of passions. Then, as the Fishers put the sweetest baite to the fairest fish, so these Ouidians, holding Amore in their tongues, when their thoughts come at hap hazard write that they be wrapt in an endlesse labyrinth of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of liberty, they onely haue their humours in their inckpot. If they finde women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph till they be full gorge with pleasures: and then flye they away (like ramage Kites) to their owne content, leauing the tame foole their mistres full of fancie, yet without euer a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some warie wanton, that wants not such a one as themselves, but spies their subtilty) they end their amors with a few fained sighes, and so their excuse is, their Mistres is cruell, and they smother passions with patience. Such gentle Forrester we may deeme you to be, that rather passe away the time heere in these wooddes with writing amozets, then to bee deeply enamored (as you say) of your Rosalynd. If you be such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortune at the highest, and your desires to be most excellent, then that you may with Ixion, embrace *Iuno* in a clowd, and haue nothing but a marble Distresse to release your martirdome: but if you be true and trustie, eye-painde and heart sicke, then accursed be Rosalynd if she prooue cruell: for Forrester, I flatter not, thou art worthy of as faire as shee. Aliena spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how Ganimede flewe to the fiske without any call: but Rosader, wha



## Euphues

tooke him flat for a shepheards Swaine, made him this answer.

Trust mee Swaine (quoth Rosader) but my Canzon was written in no such humor: for mine eyes and my heart are relatives, the one drawing fancie by sight, the other entertayning her by sorrow. If thou sawest my Rosalynd, with what beauties Nature hath favoured her, with what perfection the heauens hath graced her, with what qualities the Gods haue endued her: then wouldst thou say, there is none so sickle that could be fleeting vnto her. If she had bin Aeneas Dido, had Venus and Iuno both scolded him from Carthage, yet her excellence (despight of them) would haue detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had beene as beautifull, or Ariadne as vertuous, or both so honozable and excellent as she: neither had the Philbert-tree sorrowed in the death of despairing Phillis, nor the starres haue beene graced with Ariadne, but Demophon and Thesius had beene trullie to theyr Paragons. I will tell thee Swaine, if with a deepe insight thou couldst pierce into the secret of my loues, and see what deepe impressions of her Idea affection hath made my heart: then wouldst thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse endued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Aliena) needes there patience in loue? Or else in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a restlesse soze, that hath no ease, a canker that still frets, a disease that taketh away all hope of sleepe. If then so many sorrowes, suddaine ioyes, momentary pleasures, continuall feares, daily griefes, and mightly woes be found in loue, then is not he to be accounted patient, that smothers all these passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganimede) and therefore we holde all thy words for Axiomes: but is Loue such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth he) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the partie that entertaines it: for as the weedes growe longer vntoucht than the prettie flowers, and the flint lyes safe in the quarrie, when the Emerauld is suffering the Lapidaries toole: so meane men are freed from Venus iniuries, when kings are enuironed with a labozynth of cares. The whiter the Lawne is, the deeper is the moale, the moze purer the Chrysstolite, the sooner stained: and such as haue their hearts full of honour, haue their loues full of the greatest sorrowes. But in whom soeuer (quoth Rosader) he fixeth his dart, he neuer leaueth to assault him, till either he hath woone him to folly or fancy: for as the Poone neuer goes without the star Lunisqua, so a  
Louer



## golden Legacie.

Louer neuer goeth without the brrest of his thoughts. For prooue  
you shall heare another fancie of my making. Now do gentle Forre-  
ster (quoth Ganimede) and with that he read ouer this Sonnetto.

### Rosaders second Sonnetto.

Turne I my lookes vnto the Skies,  
Loue with his arrows wounds mine eyes:  
If so I looke vpon the ground,  
Loue then euery flower is found.  
Search I the shade to flie my paine,  
He meets me in the shades againe.  
Wend I to walke in secret groue,  
Euen there I meet with sacred loue.  
If so I baine me in the spring,  
Euen on the brinke I heare him sing:  
If so I meditate alone,  
He will be partner of my mone.  
If so I mourne, he weepes with me,  
And where I am, there will he be.  
When as I talke of *Rosalynd*,  
The God from coyneesse waxeth kinde:  
And seemes in selfe same flame to fry,  
Because he loues as well as I.  
Sweete *Rosalynd* for pittie rue,  
For why than loue I am more true:  
He if he speed will quickly flie,  
But in thy loue I liue and die.

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Rosader? Mary quoth Gani-  
mede, for the pen well, for the passion ill: for as I praise the one, I  
pitty the other, in that thou shouldst hunt after a Clowde, and loue  
eyther without rewarde or regarde. Tis neither forwardnesse (quoth  
Rosader) but my hard fortunes, whose destinies haue cross me with  
her absence: for did she feele my loues, she would not let me linger in  
these sorowes. Women, as they are faire, so they respect saith, and  
estimate more (if they be honorable) the will than the wealth, hauing  
loyaltie the object whereat they ayme their fancies. But leauing of  
these enterparleyes, you shall heare my last Sonetto, and then you



## Euphuo

haue heard all my Poetry: and with that he sighes out this.

### Rosaders third Sonnet.

Of vertuous loue my selfe may boast alone;  
Sith no suspect my seruice may attaint:  
For perfect faire is shee, the onely one,  
Whom / esteeme for my beloued Saint.  
Thus for my faith / onely beare the bell,  
And for her faire she onely doth excell.

Then let fond *Petrarch* shroud his *Lawraes* praise,  
And *Tasso* cease to publish his affect,  
Sith mine the faith confirmd at all assaies,  
And hers the fayre, which all men doe respect.  
My lines her faire, her faire my faith assures,  
Thus / by Loue, and loue by me indures.

Thus quoth Rosader, heere is an end of my Poems, but for all this, no release of my passions: so that I resemble him that in the depth of his distresse, hath none but the Echo to aunswere hym. Ganimede pittying her Rosader, thinking to driue him out of his amorous melancholie, said, that now the Sunne was in his Meridionall heate, and that it was high noone, and therfore we shephards say, tis time to goe to dinner: for the Sunne and our stomachs are shepheards Dials. Therefore Forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answer whatsoeuer thou wantest in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the end, and tolde Rosader hee should be her guest. He thankte them hartily, and sate with them down to dinner: where they had such cates as Country state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweet prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet than all their Courtly iunkets.

Alas as they had taken theyr repast, Rosader giuing them thanks for his good cheere, would haue beene gone: but Ganimede, that was loth to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay Forrester, quoth he, if thy businesse be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in loue, let me see how thou canst woe, I wil represent Rosalynd, and thou shalt be as thou art. Rosader, see

in



## golden Legacie.

in some amorous Eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her, and while we singe of Loue, Aliena shall tune her pipe, and play vs melody. Content quoth Rosader. And Aliena, she to shew her willingnes, drew forth a recorder, and began to winde it. Then the louing Forrester began thus.

### The wooing Eglogue, betwixt Rosalinde and Rosader.

Rosader.

*I pray thee Nymph by all the working words,  
By all the teares and sighs that Lovers know:  
Or what our thoughts or faltering tongue affords,  
I craue for mine in ripping vp my woe.  
Sweete Rosalinde my Loue (would God my loue)  
My life (would God my life,) aye pittie me:  
Thy lips are kinde, and humble like the Dove.  
And but with beautie pittie will not be.  
Looke on mine eyes made red with rufull teares,  
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth:  
All pale in lookes, and I though yong in yeeres,  
And nought but loue or death my daies befriendeth,  
O let no stormie rigour knit thy browes,  
Which loue appointed for his mercy seate,  
The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes,  
The iron yeelds with hammer, and to heate.  
Oh Rosalynd then be thou pittifull,  
For Rosalynd is onelie beautifull.*

Rosalynd.

*Loues wantons arme their traitrous futes with teares,  
With vowes, with oashes, with lookes, with showers of gold:  
But when the frute of their affects appeares,  
The simple hart by subtrill slight is sold.  
Thus sucks the yeelding eare the poisoned baite,  
Thus feedes the hart vpon his endles harmes,  
Thus glut the thoughts themselves on selfe deceit,  
Thus blinde the eyes their sight by subtrill charmes.*

The



## Euphues

The lovely lookes, the sighes that storme so sore,  
The dewe of deepe dissembling doublenesse:  
These may attempt but are of power no more,  
Where beaute leanes to wit and soothfastnes.

Oh Rosader then be thou wittifull,  
For Rosalynd scornes foolish pittifull.

Rosader.

I pray thee Rosalynd by those sweete eyes,  
That staine the Sunne in shine, the Moone in cleare,  
By those sweete cheekes where Loue incamped lies,  
To kisse the roses of the springing yeare.

I tempt thee Rosalynd by rashfull plaints,  
Not seasoned with deceit of fraudfull guile:  
But firme in paine, far more then tongue depaints,  
Sweete Nymph be kinde, and grace me with a smile,  
So may the heauens preserue from hurtfull food,  
Thy harmlesse flockes, so may the Summer yeelde,  
The pride of all her riches and her good,  
To fat thy sheepe (the Cittizens of field)  
Oh leane to arme thy lovely browes with scorne,  
The birds their beake, the Lion ha: h his taile:  
And louers nought but sighes and bitter morne,  
The sportlesse fort of fancie to assaile.

Oh Rosalynd then be thou pittifull,  
For Rosalynd is onely beautifull.

Rosalynd.

The hardned Steele by fire is brought in frame,  
Rosader. And Rosalynd my loue that any wooll more softer:

And shall not sighes her tender heart inflame,

Rosalynd, Were Louers true, maides would beleue them ofter.

Rosader. Truth and regard, and honour guide my loue,

Rosalynd. Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not try:

Rosader. Oh pittie me sweete Nymph, and doe but proue,

Rosalynd. I will resist, but yet I know not why.

Rosader. Oh Rosalynd be kinde, for times will change,

Thy lookes aye nill be faire as now they be:

Thine age from beauty may thy lookes estrange,

Ah yeeld in time sweete Nymph and pittie me.

Rosalynd



## golden Legacie.

- Rosalind.** *Oh Rosalynd, thou must be pitifull,  
For Rosader is young and beautifull:*
- Rosader.** *O gaine more great then kingdoms or a Crowne,*
- Rosalind.** *Oh trust betrayd if Rosader abuse me.*
- Rosader.** *First let the heauens conspire to pull me downe,  
And heauen and earth as abiect quite refuse me,  
Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bower,  
And retchlesse horror hatcht within my brest.  
Let beauties eye afflict me with a lower,  
Let deepe despaire pursue me without rest.  
Ere Rosalynd my loyaltie disproue,  
Ere Rosalynd accuse me for unkinde,*
- Rosalynd.** *Then Rosalynd will grace thee with her loue,  
Then Rosalynd will haue thee still in minde.*
- Rosader.** *Then let me triumph more then Tithons deere,  
Sith Rosalynd will Rosader respect,  
Then let my face exile his sorry cheere,  
And frolike in the comfort of affect.  
And say that Rosalynd is onely pittifull,  
Sith Rosalynd is onely beautifull.*

When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue in such a familiar clause, Ganymede as Augure of some good fortunes to light vpon their affections, began to be thus pleasant. Now now Forrester, haue I not fitted your tuene? haue I not playd the woman handsomely, and shewed my selfe as cope in graunts, as courteous in desires, and bin as full of suspicion, as men of flatterie? And yet to salue all, iumpe I not all vp with the sweete vnion of loue? Did not Rosalynd content her Rosader? The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his heade, and folding his armes, made this merry reply.

Truth gentle swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalynd, but as Ixion had Iuno, who thinking to possesse a Goddesse, onely embraced a clowd: in these imaginarie fructious of fancie, I resemble the birds that fed themselves with zeuxes painted grapes: but they grewe so leane with pecking at shadowes, that they were glad with Aescops Cock to scrape for a Barley cornell: so fareth it with me, who to feede my selfe with the hope of my Mistres fauours, sooth my selfe in thy lutes, and onely in conceits reape a wished for content:



## Euphues

but if my foode be no better then such amorous dreames. Venus at the peeres end, shal find me but a leane Louer. Yet doe I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections, doe deuine some unfained ende of ensuing fancies. And therevpon, quoth Aliena, Ile play the Priest, from this day forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt call Ganimede wife, and so wee le haue a marriage. Content quoth Rosader, and laught. Content quoth Ganimede, and changed as red as a Rose: and so with a smile and blush, they made vp this ieastring match, that after proued to a marriage in earnest: Rosader full little knowing he had wooed & wonne his Rosalind.

But all was well, hope is a sweete string to harp on, & therefore let the Forrester a while sharpe himselfe to his shadow, and tarry Fortunes leysure, till she may make a Metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse, and therefore to Aliena, who said, the wedding was not worth a pin, vnlesse there were some cheere, nor that bargain well made, that was not stricken vp with a cup of wine: and therfore she wold Ganimede to set out such cates as they had, and to drawe out her bottle, charging the Forrester as hee had imagined his loues, so to conceite these cates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a Dazer of wine, and to drinke to his Rosalynd, which Rosader did, and so they passed away the day in many pleasant deuices. Till at last Aliena perceiued time would tarry no man, and that the Sunne waxed very lowe, ready to set: which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the Banquet with a fresh Carouse: which done, they all thre arose, and Aliena brake off thus.

Now Forrester, Phœbus that all this while hath been partaker of our sports, seeing euery woodman more fortunate in his loues, than he in his fancies, seeing thou hast wonne Rosalynd, when he could not wooe Daphne, hides his head for shame, & bids vs adieu in a clowd. Our sheepe, the poore wantons wander towards theyr folds, as taught by nature their due time of rest, which tels vs Forrester, we must depart. Harry though there were a marriage, yet I must carry this night the hyde with me, and to morrow morning if you meete vs heere, Ile promise to deliuer you her as good a maid as I finde her. Content quoth Rosader, tis enough for me in the night to dreame on loue, that in the day am so fond to doate on loue: and so till to morrow you to your foalds, and I will to my lodge: and thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but  
Aliena



## golden Leagacie.

Aliena & Ganimede went & folowed their flocks, and taking vp their hookees theyr bags and their bottles, hied home ward. By the way Aliena (to make the time seeme short, began to prattle with Ganimede thus: I haue heard them say: that what the Fates forepoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period, that the starres are Ricklers in Venus court, and desire hangs at the heele of Destiny: if it be so, then by all probable coniectures, this match will be a marriage: for if Augurisme be authenticall, or the Diuines doomes principles, it cannot be but such a shadowe portends the issue of a substance, for to that ende did the Gods force the conciet of thys Eglogue, that they might discover the ensuing consent of your affectiones: so that ere it be long, I hope (in earnest) to daunce at your wedding. Tush quoth Ganimede, all is not malte that is cast on the Kil, there goes mozt words to a bargaine then one, loue feeles no footing in the ayre, and fancie holdes it slippery harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so suerly made, but hee maye misse of his marke: but if Fortune be his friend, I will not bee his foe: and so I pray you (gentle Distres Aliena) take it. I take all thinges wel, quoth she, that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours, for now I hope your thoughts will bee at quiet: your eye that euer looked at loue, will now lend a glance on your Lambes, and then they will proue moze bursonie, and you moze blyth, for the eyes of the maister feedes the Cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spied old Coridon where he came plodding to meete them: who told them supper was readie, which newes made them speed them home. Where we will leaue them to the next morrow, and returne to Saladine

All this while did poore Saladine (banished from Bourdeaux, and the Court of Fraunce by Torismond) wander vp and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to gette to Lyons, and so trauell thzough Germane into Italy: but the forrest being full of by paths, and he vnskillful of the Country coast, slipt out of the way, and chanced vp into the Dezart, not far from the place where Gerismond was and his brother Rosader. Saladine weary with wandring vp and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little caue by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the Forrest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had provided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell into a dead sleepe. As thus lay, a hungry Lyon came hunting downe the edge of the groue



## Ephues

for pray, and espying Saladyne, began to reaze vpon him: but seeing he laye still without any motion, hee left to touche him, for that Lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses, and yet desirous to haue some forde, the Lyon lay downe and watcht to see if hee woulde stirre. While thus Saladine slept secure, Fortune that was carefull of her Champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader, (hauing stricken a Deere that but lightly hurte fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the groue with a Boare-speare in hys hand in great hast, he spyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a Lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as hee stood gazing, his nose on a suddaine bledde, which made him coniecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing moze nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, and perceiued by his phisnomy, that it was his brother Saladine: which draue Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so vnerpected a chance, marueiling what should driue his Brother to trauerse those secrete Dezarts without any company in such distresse and forelozne sorte. But the present tyme crauing no such doubting ambages: for hee must eyther resolute to hazard his life for his reliefe, or els steale away, and leaue him to the cruelty of the Lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated with himselfe.

### Rosaders meditation:

**N**OW Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipt thee with nettles, meanes to salue thee with Roses, and hauing crost thee with many frownes, now she presents thee with the brightnes of her fauours. Thou that didst count thy selfe the most distressed of all men maist account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men, if fortune can make men happy, or sweete reuenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou seest Saladine thine enemy, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subiect to the cruelty of a mercilesse Lyon: brought into this misery by the Gods, that they might seeme iust in reuenging his rigour, and thy iniuries. Seest thou not how the starres are in a fauourable aspect, the Planets in some pleasing coniunction, the Fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the Destinies performers of thy desires, in that Saladine shall die, and thou be free of his blood: he receiue meede for his amisse, and thou erect his Tombe with innocent hands. Now Rosader shalt thou returne vnto Bourdeaux, and inioy thy possessions



## golden Leagacie.

sons by birth, and his reuenews by inheritance: now maieſt thou triumph in Loue, and hang Fortunes Altars with garlands: For when Rosalynd heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thee the more willingly: for womens eyes are made of Chryscoll, that is euer vnperfect vnlesse tempred with golde: and Iupiter sooneſt enjoyed Danae, because hee came to her in ſo ritche a ſhower. Thus ſhall this Lyon (Rosader) end the life of a miſerable man, and from diſtreſſes raiſe thee to bee moſt fortunate. And with that, caſting his Boare-ſpeare on his neck, away hee began to trudge. But hee had not ſtept back two or thre paces, but a new motion ſtroke him to the very heart, that reſting his Boare-ſpeare againſt his breaſt, hee fell into this paſſionate humour.

Ah Rosader, wert thou the ſonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, whoſe vertues exceeded his valour, and the moſt hardieſt Knight in all Europe: Should the honoz of the father ſhine in the actions of the ſonne, and wilt thou diſhonoz thy parentage, in forgetting the nature of a Gentleman: Did not thy Father at his laſt gaspe breathe out this golden principle: Brothers amitie is like the droppes of Balsamum, that ſalueth the moſt dangerous ſozes: Did hee make a large exhort vnto concord, and wilt thou ſhew thy ſelfe careleſſe: Oh Rosader, what though Saladine hath wronged thee, and made thee liue an exile in the Forreſt, ſhall thy nature be ſo cruell, or thy nurture ſo crooked, or thy thoughts ſo ſauadge, as to ſuffer ſo diſmall a reuenge: what, to let him be deuoured by wilde beaſtes: Non ſapit, qui non ſibi ſapit. is ſondly ſpoken in ſuch bitter extreames. Loole not his lyfe Rosader to winne a world of treasure: for in hauing him, thou haſt a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou getteſt a friend, and reconcileſt an enemy: and more honour ſhalt thou purchaſe by pleaſuring a Foe, then reuenging a thouſand iniuries.

With that his brother began to ſtirre, and the Lyon to rouse himſelfe: whereupon Rosader ſuddainly charged him with the Boare-ſpeare, and wounded the Lyon very ſoze at the firſt ſtroake. The beaſt feeling himſelfe to haue a mortall hurte, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gaue him a ſoze pinche on the breaſt, that hee had almoſt ſalne: yet as a man moſt valiant, in whome the ſparkes of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux remained, he recouered himſelfe, and in ſhorte combat ſlew the Lyon, who at his death roared ſo lowde, that Saladine awaked, and ſtarting vp, was amazed at the ſuddaine ſight of



## Euphues

so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweete a gentleman wounded. He presently (as he was of a ripe concept began to conjecture, that the Gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon (as a man in a trance) he stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother being in that disguise: at last hee burst into these tearmes. Sir, what soeuer you be, (as full of honour you must needs be, by the viewe of thy present valour.) I perceiue thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saved my lyfe with thine owne losse: which tyes me to bee thyne in all humble seruice. Thanks thou shalt haue as thy due, and more thou canst not haue: for my abilitie denies me to performe a deeper debt. But if any waies it please thee to commaund me, vse me as far as the power of a poore Gentleman may stretch.

Rosader seeing hee was vnknowne to his brother, wondred to heare such courteous wordes come from his crabbed nature, but glad of such reformed nature, he made this answer. I am Sir (whatsoeuer thou arte) a Forrester and a Raunger of these walkes, who following my Deere to the fall, was conducted hether by some assenting Fate, that I might save thee, and disparage my selfe. For coming into this place, I saw thee sleepe, and the Lyon watching thy awake, that at thy rising he might pray vpon thy carcasle. At the first sight I conjectured thee a Gentleman, (for all mens thoughts ought to be fauourable in imagination) and I counted it the parte of a resolute man, to purchase a strangers releefe, though with the losse of mine owne blood: which I haue performed (thou seest) to mine owne prejudice. If therfore thou be a man of such worth as I value thee by thy exterior linaments, make discourse vnto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes. For by the furrowes in thy face, thou seemest to be cross with her frownes: but whatsoeuer, or howsoeuer, let me craue that fauour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladine sitting downe, and fetching a deepe sigh, began thus.

Saladines discourse to Rosader  
vnknowne.

Although the discourse of my fortunes, be the renewing of my sorrowes, and the rubbing of the scar, will open a fresh wound, yet that I may not proue ingratefull to so courteous a Gentleman,

I



## golden Legacie.

I will rather sit downe and sigh out mine estate, then gyue any offence by smothering my griefe with silence. Know therefore (Sir that I am of Bourdeaux, and the sonne and heyre of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a man for his vertues and valure so famous, that I cannot thinke, but the fame of his honours hath reacht further than the knowledge of his parsonage, The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a Knight am I, my name Saladine: who succeeding my Father in possessions, but not in qualities, hauing two brethren committed by my Father at his death to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherly con corde, as might haue pierd like the Syrens melody into my humaine eare. But I with (Vlisses) become deafe against his philosophicall harmonye, and made more value of profit then of vertue, esteeming gold sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a Gentlemans dignitie: I set my middle brother to the Uniuersity to be a Scholler: counting it enough if he might poze on a booke while I feede on his reuenews: and for the yongest, which was my Fathers ioy, yong Rosader. And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladyne fate him downe and wept. Nay forwarde man (quoth the Forrester,) teares are the vnittest salve that any man can applie for to cure sorowes, & therefore cease from such feminine follies, as should drop out of a womans eye to de ceine, not out of a Gentlemans looke to discouer his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

Oh sir, quoth Saladine, this Rosader that wzyngs teares from my eyes, and bloud from my heart, was like my father in exteriour personage and in inward quallities: for in the prime of his peeres hee aimed all his acts at honour, & coueted rather to dye, then to brooke any iniury vnworthy a Gentlemans credite. I whome enuie had made blinde, and couetousnes masked with the vaile of selfe loue, seeing the Palme tree grow straight, thought to suppress it being a twig, but nature will haue her course, the Cedar wil be tall, the Diamond bright, the Carbuncle glistering, & vertue will shine though it bee neuer so much obscured. For I kept Rosader as a slaue, and vled him as one of my seruile hundes, vntill age grew on, and a secreete insight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch that he coulde not brooke it, but coueted to haue what his father left him, & to lyue of himselfe. To be short sir, I repined at his fortunes, & he countercheckt me not with abilitie but valour, vntill at last by my friends & aide of such as followed gold more then right or vertue, I banisht him



## Ephues

him from *Bordeaux*, and he poore Gentleman, liues no man knowy where, in some distressed content. The Gods not able to suffer such impiety vntreuenged, so wrought, that the King pickt a causelesse quarrell against me, in hope to haue my landes, and so hath exiled me out of France for euer. Thus, thus sir, am I the most miserable of all men, as hauing a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I proffered Rosader, and a touch in my estate to be throwne from my proper possessions by iniustice. Passionate thus with many griefes, in penance of my former follies, I goe thus pilgrime like to seeke out my brother, that I may reconcile my selfe to hym in all submission, and afterwarde wend to the holy Land, to end my yeares in as many virtues, as I haue spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader hearing the resolution of his brother Saladyne, began to compassionate his sorowes, and not able to smother the sparkes of nature with fained secrecy, he burst into these louing speeches. Then know Saladyne, quoth he, that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feeble the burthen of thy misery.

Saladyne casting vp his eye, and noting well the phisnomie of the Forrester, knewe that it was his Brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him. Which he did in such sort, that he shewed how highly he held reuenge in scozne. Much a-doe there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in crauing pardon, and Rosader in forgiuing and forgetting all former iniuries: the one submisle, the other courteous, Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kinde and louing: that at length Nature working an vnion of theyr thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of vnkindnes, to talke of the Country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his Brother beganne to haue a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his Brother to the King, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. The King looking vpon Saladyne, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of ensuing honors, gaue him great entertainment, & glad of their friendly reconciliation, promised such fauour as the pouertie of his estate might affoord, which Saladyne gratefully accepted. And so Gerismond fell to que-

tion



## golden Leagacie

tion of Torismonds life: Saladyne briefly discoursed vnto him his iniustice and tyrannies: with such modestye (although hee had wronged him,) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the yong Gentleman.

Many questions past, but at last, Gerismond beganne with a deepe sigh, to enquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his Daughter Rosalynd. None sir, quoth Saladine: for since their departure they were neuer heard of. Inuiolous fortune (quoth the King) that to double the Fathers misery, wrongest the Daughter with misfortunes. And with that (surcharged with sorowes) he went into his Cell, and left Saladine & Rosader, whome Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer. Who seeing Saladine in that estate, was in a browne study: but when he heard the whole matter, although hee greeued for the exile of hys Maister, yet he ioyed that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lasciuious youth he was proued a vertuous Gentleman.

Looking a longer while, and seeing what familiarity past betweene them, and what fauours were enterchanged with brotherly affection, he said thus: I marry, thus it should be, this was the concord that olde Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, wisht betwixt you. Now fulfill you those precepts he breathed out at his death, and in obseruing them, looke to liue fortunate, and dye honourable. Well said Adam Spencer, quoth Rosader: but hast any victuals in store for vs? A peece of a Redde Deere quoth hee, and a bottle of wine. Tis Forresters fare Brother, (quoth Rosader:) and so they sate downe, and fell to their cates. As soone as they had taken their repast and well dined, Rosader tooke his Brother Saladine by the hande, and shewed him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they enioyed in that meane estate. Thus for two or thre dayes hee walked vp and downe with his Brother, to shewe him all the commodities that belonged to his walke. In which time he was mist of his Ganimede, who mused greatly (with Aliena) what should become of their Forrester. Some while they thought he had taken some worde unkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined some new Loue had withdrawne hys fancie, or happily he was sicke or detained by some great busines of Gerismonds, or that he had made a reconcilement with his Brother, & so returned to Bourdeaux.

These coniectures did they cast in their heades, but especiallie

R

Ganimede,



## Euphues

Ganimede: who hauing loue in heart, proued restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged her with so long absence: for loue measures euery minute, and thinkes houres to be daies, and daies to be monthes, till they feede their eyes with the sight of their desired object. Thus perplexed liued poore Ganimede, while on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast vp her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them, with his Forrest bill on his necke. At that sight her coullour changde, and she said to Aliena, see Mistres where our iolly Forrester comes. And you are not a little glad thereof, quoth Aliena, your nose bewraies what porridge you loue, the winde cannot be tyed within his quarter, the Sunne shadowed with a baile, Dyle hidden in water, nor loue kept out of a womans lookes: but no more of that, Lupus est infabula. As soone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues ende. Aliena began thus. Why how now gentle Forrester, what winde hath kept you from hence: that being so newly married, you haue no more care of your Rosalynd, but to absent your self so many daies: are these the passions you painted out so in your Sonnets and roundelaies: I see well hote loue is soone cold, and that the fancy of men, is like to loose a feather that wandzeth in the ayre with the blast of euery winde. You are deceiued Mistris quoth Rosader, twas a coppie of unkindnes that kept me hence, in that I being married, you carried away the Brides: but if I haue giue any occasion of offence by absenting my selfe these three daies, I humbly see for pardon: which you must graunt of course in that the fault is so friendly confest with penance. But to tell you the truth faire Mistris, and my good Rosalynd, my eldest brother by the iniury of Torismond, is banisht from Bordeaux, & by chance he and I met in the Forrest. And heere Rosader discoursed vnto them what had hapned betwixt them: which reconciliation made them glad, especially Ganimede. But Aliena hearing of the tyranie of her father griued inwardly, and yet smothered all things with such secrecie, that the concealing was more sorowe then the conceite: yet that her estate might be hyd still, she made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune, that saw howe these parties valued not her Deitie, but held her power in scorne, thought to haue about with them, and brought the matter to pass thus. Certaine Rascals that lyued by prowling in a Forrest, who for feare of the Prouosts Marshall



## golden Leagacie.

shall had Canes in the groves and thickets, to throwde themselves from his traines: hearing of the beantie of this faire shepheardesse Aliena, thought to steale her away, & giue her to the king for a present, hoping because the King was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons: and therefore came to take her and her Page away. Thus resolved, while Aliena and Ganimede were in sad talke, they came rushing in, and laid violent hands vpon Aliena and her Page, which made them cry out to Rosader: who hauing the valour of his Father stamped in his heart, thought rather to dye in defence of his friends, then any way be toucht with the least blemish of dishonour: & therefore dealt such blowes amongst them with his weapon, as he did witnesse well vpon their carcasses, that he was no coward. But as Ne Hercules quidem contra duos, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, hauing none to back him: so that he was not onely rebatted, but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede, had been quite carried away by these Rascals, had not Fortune (that meant to turne her frowne into a fauour) brought Saladyne that way by chance, who wandring to finde out his Brothers walke, encountered this crue: and seeing not only a Shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his Brother wounded, he heaued vp a Forrest bill he had on his necke, and the first he strooke, had neuer after more need of the phisition: redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the slaues were amazed at his valour.

Rosader espying his brother so fortunately arriued, and seeing how valiantly he behaued himselfe, though sore wounded, rushed amongst them, and laide on such load, that some of the crue were slaine and the rest fled, leauing Aliena and Ganimede in the possession of Rosader and Saladyne.

Aliena after shee had breathed a while, and was come to herselfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimede was busie, dressing vp the wounds of the Forrestier: but she cast her eye vpon this courteous Champion, that had made so hot a rescue, and that with such affection, as she began to measure euery parte of him with fauour, and in her selfe to commend his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a troupe of vnbidded villaines. At last gathering her spirits together, she returned him these thanks.

Gentle Syr, whatsoeuer you bee that haue aduencured your



## Euphues

flsh to releue our fortunes, and to haue as many hidden vertues as you haue manifest resolutions. The poore Shepheards haue no wealth but our flockes, and therefore can we not make requitall with any great treasures: but our recompence is thanks, and faith our rewards to our friends without faining. For ransom therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde of gramerce, as a poore Shephardesse & her Page may giue: with promise (in what we may) neuer to prooue ingratefull. For this Gentleman that is hurt, yong Rosader he is our good neighbour and familiar acquaintance, weele pay him with smiles, and feede him with loue-lookes: and though he be neuer the fatter at the yeares ende, yet weele so hamper him, that he shall holde himselfe satisfied.

Saladine hearing this Shephardesse speake so wisely, beganne more narrowly to pry into her perfection, and to suruey all her lymaments with a curious insight: so long dallying in the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he founde her to be most excellent: for Loue that lurked in all these broiles to haue a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountred them both with such a veny, that the stroke pierst to the heart so deepe, as it could neuer after be rased out. At last, after he had looked so long till Aliena waxe red, he returned her this answer.

Faire Shephardesse, if Fortune graced me with such good happe, as to doe you any fauour, I hold my selfe as contented, as if I had gotten a greater conquest: for the releefe of distressed women, is the speciall point, that Gentlemen are tyed vnto by honour: seeing then my hazard to rescue your harmes, was rather duty than curtesie, thanks is more than belongs to the requital of such a fauour. But least I might seeme eyther too coy or too carelesse of a Gentlewomans proffer, I will take your kinde Garamercie for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganimede lookt earnestly vpon him, and sayd, Cruely Rosader this Gentlemans fauours you much in the feature of your face. No maruaile, quoth hee gentle Swayne, for tis my eldest brother Saladine. Pour Brother, quoth Aliena (and with that she blushe, he is the more wellcome, and I hold my selfe the more his debter: & for that hee hath in our behalfe done such a piece of seruice, if it please him to doo mee that honoz, I will call him seruant, and he shall call me mistres. Content Sweet mistres, quoth Saladine, and when I forget to call you so, I will



## golden Legacie.

will be vnmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue, quoth Rosader, and giue me some drinke, for I am passing thirsty, and then will I home, for my wounds bleed sore, and I will haue them dressed. Ganimedé had teares in her eyes, and pailons in her heart, to see her Rosader so pained, and therefore kept hastily to the bottle, and filling out some wine in a Pazer, she spiced it with such comfortable drugs as she had about her, and gaue it him, which did comfort Rosader: that rising (with the help of his brother) he tooke his leaue of them, and went to his lodge. Ganimedé as soone as they were out of sight, led his flocke downe to a vale, and there vnder the shadowe of a Beech tree sate downe, and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweete hart. And Aliena, as a woman passing discontent, seuering her selfe from her Ganimedé, sitting vnder a Lymon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her new loue, and to meditate with herselfe on this manner.

### Alienacs Meditation.

**A**Pe me, now I see, and sorrowing sigh to see, that Dianacs Lawrels are harbours for *Venus* Doues, that there trace as well through the lawnes, wantons as chaste ones, y<sup>e</sup> Calisto be she neuer so chary, wil cast an amorous eye at courting loue: that Diana her selfe will change her shape, but she will honour Loue in a shadow: that maidens eyes, be they as hard as Diamonds, yet Cupid hath drugs to make them moze pliable then ware. See Aliena howe Fortune and Loue haue interleauged themselves to be thy foes: and to make thee their subiect or els their abiect, haue inuegled thy sight with a most beautifull obiect. Alate thou didst hold *Venus* for a giglot, not a Goddesse, and now thou shalt be forst to sue suppliant to her Deitie. Cupid was a boy and blinde, but alas his eye had ayne enough to pierce thee to the heart. While I liued in the Court, I held loue in contempt, and in high seates I had small desires. I knew not affection while I liued in dignitie, nor could *Venus* countercheeke me, as long as my fortune was maiestie, and my thoughts honour: and shall I now be high in desires, when I am made lowe by destinie.

I haue heard them say, that Loue lookes not at lowe Cottages, that *Venus* iets in robes, and not in rags, that Cupid flies to high, that he scoynes to touch pouerty with his heele. Tush Aliena,



## Euphues

These are but olde wiuers tales, and neither authenticall precepts, nor infallible principles: for experience tells thee, that Peasants haue theyr passions, as well as Princes, that Swaynes, as they haue theyr labours, so they haue their amours, and Loue lurkes a floone about a Sheeprate as a Pallace.

Oh Alinda this day in auoyding a prejudice, thou art fallen into a deeper mischiese, being rescued from the robbers, thou art become a captiue to Saladine, and what then? Women must loue, or they must cease to liue: and therefore did Nature frame them fayre, that they might be subiect to fancie. But perhaps Saladynes eye is leueld vpon a more seemlier Saint. If it be so, beare thy passions with patience, Loue hath wrongd thee, y<sup>e</sup> hath not wrongd him, and if he be proude in contempt, be thou rich in content, and rather die then discouer any desire: for there is nothing more precious in a woman, then to conceale loue, and to die modest. Hee is the soune and heyre of Syr Iohn of Bourdeaux, a youth comlie enough, oh Alinda, too comly, els hadst not thou bin thus discontent: valiant, and that fettered thine eye: wise, els hadst thou not been now wonne: but for all these vertues, banished by thy father, and therefore if he knowe thy parentage, hee will hate the fruite for the tree, and condemne the young lien for the olde stock. Well, howsoeuer, I must loue: and whomsoeuer, I will, and what soeuer betide, Aliena will thinke well of Saladine: suppose he of me as he please, And with that fetching a deepe sigh, shee rise vp, and went to Ganimede, who all this while sate in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader, but now Aliena began to comfort her, her selfe being ouer-growne with sorowes, and to recall her from her melancholie with many pleasant persuasions, Ganimede tooke all in the best parte, and so they went home together after they had folded their flocks, supping with olde Coridon, who had prouided their cates. Hee after supper, to passe away the night while bed time, began a long discourse, how Montanus the yong Shepheard that was in loue with Phoebe, could by no meanes obtaine any fauour at her hands: but still pained in restlesse passions, remained a hopelesse and perplexed Louer. I would I might (quoth Aliena,) once see that Phoebe, is she so faire that she thinkes no shepheard worthy of her beautie: or so froward that no loue nor loyalty will content her: or so coy, that she requires a long time to be wooed, or so foolish that shee forgets, that like a  
fop,



## golden Legacie.

for she must haue a large haruest for a little corne.

I cannot distinguish quoth Coridon, of these nice qualities: but on of these daies Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you may both see their persons, and note their passions: and then where the blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure, quoth Coridon, if all maidens were of her minde, the world would grow to a mad passe: for there would be great stoze of wooing, and little wedding, many words, and little worship, much folly, and no faith. At this sad sentence of Coridon so solemnly brought forth, Aliena smiled: and because it warr late, she and her page went to bed, both of them hauing fleas in their eares to keepe them awake, Ganimede for the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she bore to Saladine. In this discontented humoz they past away the time, til falling on sleep, their senses at rest, loue left them to their quiet slumbers: which were not long. For as soone as Phoebus rose from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the Sky, summoning Plough-swaines to their handy labour, Aliena arose, and going to the Couch where Ganimede lay, awakened her Page, and said, the morning was far spent, the dewe small, and time called them away to their folds. Ah, ha, quoth Ganimede, is the winde in that dooze? then in faith I perceiue that there is no Diamond so hard, but will yeeld to the file, no Cedar so strong, but the winde will shake, nor any minde so chaste, but Loue will change. Well Aliena, must Saladine be the man, and will it be a match? Trust me, he is faire and valiant, the son of a worthy knight, whome if he imitate in perfection, as he represents him in proportion, he is worthy of no lesse than Aliena. But he is an exile, what then? I hope my mistress respects the vertues not the wealth, and measures the qualities, not the substance. Those Dames that are like Danae, that like loue in no shape but in a shower of Golde: I wish them husbands with much wealth and little witt, that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should (my Aliena) staine the honour of a shepherds life, to set the end of passions vpon pelfe. Loues eyes looke not so low as gold, there is no fees to be payde in Cupids Courts: and in elder time (as Coridon hath tolde me) the Shepherds Loue-gifts were Appels and Chestnuts, and then their desires were loyall, and their thoughts constant. But now

*Quærenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.*

And



## Euphues

And the time is growne to that which Horace in his Satyres wrote on:

*omnis enim res*

*Virtus fama decus diuina humanaque pulchris  
Dinitis parent: quas qui constrixerit, ille  
Clarus erit, fortis, iustus, sapiens, etiam et rex  
Et quicquid volit.*

But Aliena let it not be so with thee in thy fancies, but respect his faith, and there an ende. Aliena hearing Ganimede thus forward to further Saladine in his affections, thought she kist the childe for the Nurses sake, and wooed for him, that shee might please Rosader, made this reply.

Why Ganimede, whereof growes this perswasion? Hast thou seene loue in my lookes, or are mine eyes growne so amorous, that they discouer some new entertained fancies? If thou measurest my thoughts by my countenance, thou maist proue as if a Physiognomer as the Lapidarie, that ayms at the secret vertues of the Topace, by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not knowne by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by his brightnesse, but by his hardnes. The Carbuncle that shineth most, is not euer the most precious: and the Apothecaries chuse not flowers for their colours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwaies Calendars of fancie, nor doo their thoughts and their lookes euer agree: for when their eyes are fullest of fauours, then are they oft most empty of desire: and when they seeme to frowne and disdaine, then are they most forward to affection. If I be melancholy, then Ganimede tis not a consequence that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladine. But seeing fire cannot be hid in the strawe, nor Loue kept so covert, but it will bee spied, what should friends conceale fancies? Know my Ganimede, the beautie and valor, the wit and prowesse of Saladine, hath fettered Aliena so faire, as there is no object pleasing to her eyes, but the sight of Saladyne, & if Loue haue done me iustice, to wrap his thoughts in the folds of my face, and that he is as deeply enamored as I am passionate: I tell thee Ganimede, there shal not be much wooing, for she is already won, and what needes a longer battery. I am glad quoth Ganimede, that it shall be thus proportioned, you to match with Saladine, & I with Rosader, thus  
haue



## golden Leagacie.

haue the Destinies fauoured vs with some pleasing aspect, that haue made vs as priuate in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede start vp, made her ready, and went into the fieldes with Aliena, where vnfolding their flockes, they sate them downe vnder an Oliue tree, both of them amorous, and yet diuersly affected: Aliena ioying in the excellence of Saladine, and Ganimede sorrowing for the woundes of Rosider, not quiet in thought till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumps, they might espy where Coridon came running towards them, (almost out of breath with his hast.) What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post? Oh Mistris (quoth Coridon,) you haue a long time desired to see Phoebe, the faire Shepheardesse whome Montanus loues: so now if it please you and Ganimede to walke with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a Fountaine, he courting her with his Country ditties, and she as coy as if she held loue in disdaine.

The newes were so welcome to the two Louers, that by they rose, and went with Coridon. As soone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espy where Phoebe sate, (the fairest Shepheardesse in all Arden, and he the frolickest Swaine in the whole Forrest,) shee in a petticote of scarlet, couered with a greene mantle, and to shroud her from the Sun, a chaplet of roses: from vnder which appeared a face full of Natures excellence, and two such eyes, as might haue amated a greater man then Montanus. At gaze vpon thys gorgeous Nymph sate the shepheard, feeding his eyes with her fauours, wooing with such pittious lookes, and courting with such deepe strained sighes, as would haue made Diana her selfe to haue beene compassionate, at last fixing his lookes on the ritches of her face, his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, hee sung this mournefull Dittie.

### *Montanus Sonnet.*

A turtle sate vpon a leauelesse tree,  
Mourning her absent pheare,  
With sad and sorry cheere:  
About her wondring stood,  
The Citizens of wood.

L.

And



## Euphues

And whilst her plumes she rents,  
And for her loue laments;  
The stately trees complaine them,  
The birds with sorrow paine them.  
Each one that doth her view,  
Her paine and sorrowes rue:  
But were the sorrowes knowne,  
That me hath ouerthrowne,  
Oh how would *Phoebe* sigh, if shee did looke on me,

The loueficke *Polypheme* that could not see,  
Who on the barraine shore,  
His fortunes did peplore.  
And melteth all in mone,  
For *Galatea* gone.  
And with his pitious cryes,  
Afflicts both earth and skyes.  
And to his woe betooke,  
Doth breake both pype and hooke,  
For whome complaines the morne,  
For whome the Sea Nymphes mourne,  
Alas his paine is nought,  
For were my woe but thought,

Oh how would *Phoebe* sigh, if she did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine,  
yet glad am I,  
If gentle *Phoebe* daime,  
to see her *Montan* die.

After this *Montanus* felt his passions so extreame, that he fell  
into this exclamation against the iniustice of Loue.

*Helas Tirant plein de rigueur,  
Modere un peu sa violence,  
Que se sert si grande dispense?  
C'est trop de flammes pour un cuer,  
Esparguez en vne est incolle,  
Peu fay son efforts d'esmonoir.*



## golden Legacie.

*La fiere qui ne veu point voir,  
En quel fu ie brouste pour elle,  
Execute Amour ce dessein,  
Et rabaisse vn peu son audace,  
Son cuer ne doit estre de glace,  
Bien que elle ait de Nieve le sein.*

Montanus ended his Sonnet with such a volley of sighes, and such a streame of teares, as might haue moued any but Phoebes haue granted him fauour. But she measuring all his passions with a coy disdain, and triumphing in the pooze shepheards patheticall humors, smiling at his martyrdome, as though loue had beene no malady, scornfully wzaled out this Sonnet.

*Phoebes Sonnet, a reply to Montanus  
passion.*

*Downe a downe,*

*Thus Phyllis sung,  
by fancie once distressed.  
Who so by foolish loue are stung,  
are worthily oppressed.*

*And so sing I, with a downe, downe, &c.*

*When Loue was first begot,  
And by the mouers will:  
Did fall to humaine lot,  
His solace to fulfill.  
Deuoide of all deceite,  
A chaste and holy fire,  
Did quicken mans conceite,  
And womens breast inspire.  
The Gods that saw the good,  
That mortals did approoue,  
With kinde and holymoode,  
Began to talke of Loue.*

*Downe a downe,  
Thus Phyllis sung,  
by fancie once distressed, &c.*



## Euphues

But during this accord,  
A wonder strange to heare:  
Whilst loue in deede and word,  
Most faithfull did appeare.  
False semblance came in place,  
By ieaiousie attended:  
And with a double face,  
Both loue and fancy blended.  
Which make the Gods forsake,  
And men from fancie flye,  
And maidens scorne a make,  
Forsooth and so will I.

*Downe a downe.*

Thus *Phillis* sung,

by fancy once distressed:

Who so by foolish loue are slung,  
are worthily oppressed.

And so sing I, *with downe, a downe, a downe a.*

Montanus hearing the cruell resolution of Phoebe, was so ouer-  
growne with passions, that from amorous ditties, he fel flat into these  
tearmer. Ah Phoebe, quoth he, whereof art thou made, that thou  
regardest not my malady? Am I so hatefull an object, that thine eyes  
condemne me for an object? O so bale, that thy desires cannot stoop  
so low as to lend me a gracious looke: my passions are many, my  
loues more, my thoughts loyaltie, and my fancy faith: all deuoted in  
humble deuoir to the seruice of Phoebe, and shal I reape no reward  
for such fealties. The Swaines daily labours, is quite with the Cue-  
nings hire, the Ploughmans toyle is eased with the hope of corne,  
what the Drefweats out at the plough, he fatneth at the crib: but in-  
fortunate Montanus hath no salue for his sorowe, nor any hope of  
recompence for the hazarde of his perplexed passions. If Phoebe,  
time may pleade the pzoofe of my truth, twise seuen winters haue I  
I loued faire Phoebe: if constancie bee a cause to further my sute,  
Montanus thoughts haue bin sealed in the sweete of Phoebes excel-  
lence, as far fro change as she from loue: if outward passions may dis-  
couer inward affectiōs the furrowes in my face may discover the sor-  
rowes of my heart, and the map of my looke the griepe of my minde.  
Thou seest (Phoebe) the teares of despayre haue made my cheekes  
full



## golden Legacie.

full of wrinckles, and my scalding sighes, haue made the ayre Echo her pittie, conceiued in my plaints: Philomele hearing my passions, hath left her mournfull tunes, to listen to the discourse of my miseries. I haue pourtraied in euery tree the beauty of my mistris, and the despaire of my loues. What is it in the woods cannot witness my woes: and who is it would not pittie my plaints: Onely Phoebe. And why: because I am *Montanus*, and shee Phoebe, I a worthlesse Swaine, and shee the most excellent of all faires. Beautifull Phoebe, oh might I say pittifull, then happy were I, though I tasted but one minute of that good happe. Measure *Montanus* not by his fortunes, but by his loues, and ballance not his wealth, but his desires, and lend but one gracious looke to cure a heape of disquieted cares: if not, ah if Phoebe cannot loue, let a storme of frownes end the discontent of my thoughts, and so let me perish in my desires, because they are aboue my deserts, onely at my death this fauour cannot be denyed me, that all shall say, *Montanus* dyed for loue of hard harted Phoebe.

At these words, shee fild her face full of frownes, and made hym thys short and sharpe reply. Importunate Shepherd, whose loues are lawlesse, because restless: are thy passions so extreame, that thou canst not conceale them with patience: Or art thou so follye sicke, that thou must needes be fancie sicke, and in thy affection tied to such an exigent, as none serues but Phoebe: Well Syr, if your market can be made no where els, home againe, for your Mart is at the fayrest.

Phoebe is no lettice for your lyps, and her grapes hang so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet *Montanus* I speake not this in pride, but in disdain: not that I scorne thee, but that I hate Loue: for I count it as great honoz to triumph ouer Fancie, as ouer Fortune. Rest thee content therefore *Montanus*, cease from thy loues, and brydle thy lookes, quenche the sparkles before they growe to a further flame: for in louing me, thou shalt but liue by losse, and what thou utterest in wordes, are all written in the winde. Wert thou (*Montanus*) as fayre as Paris, as hardie as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as louing as Leander, Phoebe could not Hue, because she cannot loue at all: and therefore if thou pursue mee with Phoebus, I must flye with Daphne.

*Ganimede* ouer-hearing all these passions of *Montanus*, coulde



## Euphues

not brooke the crueltye of Phoebe, but starting from behinde the bush, sayd: And if Damzell you fled from me, I would transfoyme you as Daphne to a Bay, and then in contempt, trample your branches vnder my feete. Phoebe at this suddaine reply was amazed, especiallie, when she sawe so faire a Swaine as Ganimede, blushing therefore she would haue ben gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus. What Shepheardesse, so faire and so cruel: Disdaine becommes not Cottages, nor copnesse maydes: for eyther they be condemned to be too proud or too froward. Take heede saye Nymph, that in dispising loue, you be not ouer reacht with loue, and in shaking off all, shape your selfe to your owne shadowe, and so with Narcissus proue passionate and yet vnpytied. Oft haue I heard, and sometime haue I seene, high disdaine turnd to hot desires. Because thou art beautiful, be not so coy: as there is nothing moze faire, so is there nothing moze fading: as momentary as the shadowes which growes from a cloudie Sunne. Such (my faire Shepheardesse) as disdaine in youth, desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter, that might haue been loued in the prime. A wrinckled maide is like to a parched Rose, that is cast vp in Coffers to please the smell, not woyme in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in loue to had I wist: and therefore be ruled by me, loue while thou art yong, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be recarde, and if thou loue, like of Montanus, for as his desires are many, so his deserts are greate.

Phoebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede: as deeply enamored on his perfection, as Montanus inueigled with hers: for her eye made suruey of his excellent feature, which shee found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had beene leapt from Elisium in the shape of a Swaine. When she blusht at her owne folly to looke so long on a stranger, she mildly made answer to Ganimede thus. I cannot deny Sir, but I haue hearde of Loue, though I neuer felt Loue, and haue read of such a Goddesse as Venus, though I neuer saw any but her picture: and perhaps, and with that she waxed red and bashfull, and with all silent: which Ganimede perceiuing, commended in her selfe the bashfulnesse of the maide, and desired her to goe forward. And perhaps Syz quoth shee, mine eye hath beene moze prodigall to day then euer before: and with that shee stayd againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed.



## golden Leagacie.

plexed. Aliena, seeing the hare through the maze, bade her forwarde with her pattle: but in vaine, for at this abrupt period shee brake off, and with her eyes full of teares, and her face couered with a vermillion dye, shee sat downe and sighed. Whereupon, Aliena and Ganimede, seeing the Shepheardesse in such a strange plight, left Phoebe with her Montanus, wishing her friendly, that shee would be more pliant to loue, least in penance, Venus ioynd her to some sharpe repentance. Phoebe made no reply, but fetcht such a sigh, that Eccho made relation of her plaint: giuing Ganimede such an adieu with a piercing glance, that the amorous girle-boy perceiued Phoebe was pincht by the heele.

But leauing Phoebe to the follies of their new fancie, and Montanus to attend vpon her: to Saladine, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena, insomuch that he framed a sweete conceated Sonnet to content his humor, which he put in hys bosome: being requested by his brother Rosader, to goe to Aliena and Ganimede, to signifie vnto them that hys wounds were not dangerous. A more happy message could not happen to Saladine, that taking hys Forrest bill on hys necke, he trudged in all hast towards the plaines, where Alienaes flocke did feede: comming iust to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phoebe. Fortune so conducted thys iolly Forrester, that he encountred them at Coridon, whom he presently saluted in this maner.

Faire Shepheardesse, and too faire, vnlesse your beautie bee tempered with curtesie and the liniaments of the face graced with the lowliness of minde: as many good fortunes to you & your Page, as your selues can desire, or imagine. My Brother Rosader (in the grieffe of his greene woundes,) still mindfull of his friendes, hath sent mee to you with a kinde salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holdes the parties precious in whose defence he receiued the prejudice. The report of your welfare, will be a great comfort to his distempered body and distressed thoughts, & therefore he sent me with a strickt charge to visite you.

And you, quoth Aliena, are the more welcome, in that you are messenger from so kinde a Gentleman, whose paines wee compassionate with as greate sorrow as hee brookes them with grieffe: and his wounds breeds in vs as many passions, as in him extremities: so that what disquiet he feelles in body, we partake in hart:

Wishing



## Euphues

Wishing (if we might) that your mishap might salve his malady. But seeing our wills yeeldes him little ease, our orizons are neuer idle to the Gods for his recovery. I pray you (quoth Ganimede with teares in hys eyes,) when the Surgeon searcht him, helde hee his woundes dangerous: Dangerous (quoth Saladine,) but not mortall: and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: whereupon my Brother hopes within these ten daies to walke abroade and visit you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganimede,) say his Rosalynd commends her to you, and bids him be of good cheere. I know not (quoth Saladine,) who that Rosalynd is, but whatsoeuer she is, her name is neuer out of his mouth: but amidst the deepest of his passions, he vseth Rosalynd as a charme to appease all sorrows with patience. Inasomuch that I coniecture my brother is in loue, and she some Paragon that holdes his heart perplexed: whose name he oft records with sighes, sometimes with teares, straight with ioy, then with smiles: as if in one person Loue had lodged a Chaos of confused passions. Wherein I haue noted the variable disposition of fancie, that like the Polype in coulozs, so it changeth into sundry humors, beeing as it should seeme, a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweete prejudice, like to the Sinople tree, whose blossoms delight the smell, and whose fruite infect the taste.

By my faith (quoth Aliena,) Sye, you are deepe reade in Loue, or growes your insight into affection by experience? Howe soeuer, you are a great Philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discouer our secret aphorismes. But Sye, our Countrey amours are not like your Courtly fancies, nor is our wooing like your suing: for poore Shepheards neuer plaine them till loue paine them, where the Courtiers eyes is full of compassion, when hys heart is most free from affection: they court to discouer their eloquence, we wooe to ease our sorrowes, euery faire face wpyth them must haue a new fancie sealed with a fore-finger kisse, and a farre fetcht sighe, we heere loue one, and liue to that one, so long as lyfe can maintaine Loue, vsing few Ceremonies because we know fewe subtilties, and little eloquence for that we lightly account of flattery: onely Faith and Troth, thats Shepheards wooing, and Sye how like you of this? So (quoth Saladyne) as I could tye my selfe to such loue. What, and looke so lowe as a Shepheardesse, beeing  
the



## golden Legacie.

the sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, such desires were a disgrace  
to your honours. And with that, suruaying exquisitely euery parte of  
hym, as vitering all these words in a deepe passion, she espyed the  
paper in his bosome: wherevpon growing iealous that it was some  
amorous Sonnet, she suddainly snacht it out of his bosome, and as-  
ked if it were any secret: she was bashfull, and Saladine blisht: which  
she perceiuing sayd: Nay then sir, if you wate red, my life for yours  
tis some Loue matter: I wil see your Mistris name, her praises, and  
your passions. And with that she lookt on it: which was written to this  
effect.

### Saladynes Sonnet.

If it be true that heauens eternall course,  
With restlesse sway and ceaselesse turning glides,  
If ayre inconstant be, and swelling sourse,  
Turne and returnes with many fluent tydes.  
If earth in winter sommers pride estrange,  
And nature seemeth onely faire in change,

If it be true that our immortall spright,  
Deriude from heauenly pure, in wandring still:  
In nouelty and strangenesse doth delight,  
And by discourent power discerneth ill.  
And if the body for to worke his best,  
Eoth with the seasons change his place of rest,

Whence comes it that (inforst by furious Skyes,)  
I change both place and soyle, but not my heart:  
Yet saue not in this change my maladyes?  
Whence growes it that each obiekt workes my smart,  
Alas I see my faith procures my misse,  
And change in loue against my nature is.

*Et florida pungunt.*

Aliena hauing reade ouer this Sonnet, began thus pleasantly to  
descant vpon it. I see Saladine, (quoth shee) that as the Sun is no  
Sunne without his brightnesse, nor the Diamond accounted for  
precious vlesse it be hard: so men are no men vlesse they bee in

¶

Loue:



## Euphues

True: and their honours are measured by their amours not they? Fa-  
bours, counting it more commendable for a Gentleman to be full of  
fancy, than full of vertue, I had thought

*Otiasti tollus periere Cupidinis arcus,  
Contemtuque iacent, & sine luce faces.*

But I see *Ovids* axiome is not authenticall, for euen labour hath  
her loues, and extremitie is no Pumice stone to race out fancy.  
Yourselfe exiled from your wealth, friends and Cuntry by Foris-  
mond, (sorowes enough to suppress affections) yet amidst the  
depth of these extremities, Love will be Lord, and shew his power to  
be more predominant then Fortune, but I pray you Sir (if without  
offence I may craue it) are they some newe thoughts, or some olde  
desires? Saladyne, that now saw opportunity pleasant, thought to  
strike while the yron was hotte, and therefore taking Aliena by the  
hand, late downe by her: and Ganimede to giue them leaue to theyr  
loues, found her selfe busie about the foldes, whilst Saladyne fell in-  
to this pattle with Aliena.

Faire Mistres, if I be blunt in discovering my affections, and  
use little eloquence in leueling out my loues, I appeale for pardon  
to your owne principles, that say, shepheards vse fewe cerimonies;  
for that they acquaint themselves with fewe subtilties: to frame  
my selfe therefore to your country fashion, with much faith and little  
flattery, know beautifull shepheardeesse, that whilst I liued in the  
Court I knew not Loues comber, but I helde affection as a toy, not  
as a malady: vsing fancie as the *Hyperborei* doo their flowers, which  
they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them into the fire for fu-  
ell at night. I liked all because I loued none, & who was more faire,  
on her I feede my eye, but as charily as the Bee, that as soone as she  
hath suckt honny from the Rose, flies straight to the next Marigolde.  
Liuing thus at mine owne list, I wondered at such as were in loue, &  
when I read their passions, I tooke them onely for poems, that flow-  
ed from the quicknes of their wit, not the sorowes of the heart. But  
now faire Nymph, since I became a forrester, Love hath taught me  
such a lesson, y I must confesse his deitie & dignity, and say as there is  
nothing so precious as beauty, so there is nothing more piercing then  
fancy. For since first I arriued in this place, & mine eye tooke a curious  
scurvey of your excellence, I haue bin so fettered with your beautie &  
vertue, as sweete (Aliena) Saladyne without further circumstance.  
loues



## golden Legacie.

loues Aliena. I could paint out my desires with long ambages, but seeing in many words lies mistrust, and that trueth is euer naked, let this suffice for Country wooing; Saladine loues Aliena, and none but Aliena. Although these wordes were most heauenlie harmony in the eares of the shepheardesse, yet to seeme coy at the first courting, and to disdaine Loue, how so euer shee desired loue, shee made this reply.

Oh Saladine, though I seeme simple, yet I am more subtilt then to swallow the hooke because it hath a painted bayte: as men are willic, so women are wary, especially if they haue that wit by others harmes to beware. Doe we not knowe Saladine, that mens tongues are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchaunt Argus with an hundred eyes: and theyr wordes are preiudiciall as the charmes of Circes that transfoyme men into monsters: If such Syrens sing, we pooze women had need stop our eares, least in hearing we pzooue so folish hardie as to beleue them, & so perish in trusting much and suspecting little. Saladine *Piscator ictus sapit*, he that hath beene once poysoned, and afterward feares not to bowse of euery potion, is worthy to suffer double pennance. Giue me leane then to mistrust though I do not condempne. Saladine is now in loue with Aliena, he a Gentleman of great parentage, she a Shepheardesse of meane parents: he honourable, and shee pooze: Can loue consist of contrarieties? Will the Falcon pearch with the Kistresse, the Lyon harbour with the Woolfe? Will *Venus* ioyne robes and rags together? Or can there be a sympathy betweene a King and a beggar?

Then Saladine howe can I beleene thee, that Loue should vnite our thoughts, when Fortune hath set such a difference betweene our degrees? But suppose thou likest of Alienas beautie, men in theyr fante resemble the waspe, which scoynes that flower from which she hath fetcht her waie: playing like the inhabitants of the Island Tenerifa, who when they haue gathered the sweete Sppes, vse the trees for fuel: so men when they haue glutted themselves with the fayre of womens faces, holde them for necessary euils, and wearied with that which they seemed so much to loue, cast away fancye, as children doe theyr Rattles: and lothing that which so deeplie before they liked, especially such as rake loue in a minute, and haue theyr eyes attractive like Iet, apt to entertain any obiect, are as ready to let it slip againe. Saladine hearing how Aliena harpt still vpon



## Euphras

the string, which was the doubt of mens constancie, he broke off her harpe inuectiue thus.

I grant Aliena (quoth he) many men haue done amisse, in prouing soone ripe, and soone rotten, but particuler instances inferre no generall conclusions: and therefore I hope what others haue faulted in, shal not prejudice my fauours. I will not vse sophistry to confirme my leue, for that is subtiltie: nor long discourses, least my wordes might be thought more then my faith: but if this will suffice, that by the honoz of a Gentleman I loue Aliena and wooe Aliena, not to crop the blossomes and reiect the tree, but to consummate my faithfull desires, in the honorable end of marriage.

At this worde marriage: Aliena stood in a maze what to answer: fearing, that if she were too coy to giue him away with her disdain, and if shee were too courteous, to discover the heat of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doe, at last thys shee said. Saladyne, euer since I sawe thee, I fauoured thee, I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou dooest faithfully manifest thy thoughtes, and in liking thee, I loue thee, so farre as mine honoz holds fancy still in suspente: but if I knew thee as vertuous as thy father, or as well quallited as thy Brother Rosader, the doubt should be quickly decided: but for this time to giue thee an answer, assure thy selfe thus, I will either marry with Saladine, or still liue a virgine: & with this they strained one anothers hand. Which Ganimede espying, thinking he had had his mistris long enough at thys ft, said: What, a match or no? A match (quoth Aliena) or els it were an ill market. I am glad (quoth Ganimede) I would Rosader were here to make vp the messe. Well remembred (quoth Saladine) I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone & therefore least being solitary he should encrease his sorowes, I will haue me to hym. May it please you then to commaund me any seruice to hym, I am ready to be a dutifull messenger. Onely at thys time commend me to hym (quoth Aliena) and tell hym, though wee cannot pleasure him, we pray for him. And forget not, quoth Ganimede, my commendations: but say to hym that Rosalynd sheds as many teares from her heart, as her droppes of bloude from hys wounds, for y<sup>e</sup> sorow of his misfortunes, feathering al his thoughtes with disquiet, till his welfare procure her content: say thus (good Saladine) and so farewell. He hauing his message, gaue a courteous adiewe to them both, especialy to Aliena: and so playing loath



## golden Leagacie.

to depart, went to his brother.

But Aliena, shee perplexed & yet ioyfull, past away the day pleasantly, still praying the perfection of Saladine, not ceasing to chat of her new loue, till euening drew on, & then they folding theyr sheepe, went home to bed: Where we leaue them, and returne to Phoebe. Phoebe fiered with the vncooth flame of loue, returned to her fathers house, so gaunted with restless passions, as now shee began to acknowledge, that there was no flower so fresh but might be parched with the Sunne, no tree so strong but might be shaken with a storme, so there was no thought so chaste, but time armed with Loue, could make amorous: for shee that helde Diana for the Goddess of her deuotion, was nowe faine to flie to the Altar of Venus, as suppliant now with prayers, as shee was frowarde afore with disdain. As shee lay in her bed, shee called to minde the seuerall beauties of young Ganymede. first his locks, which beeing Amber huede, passeth the wreath that Phebus puts on to make his front glorious: his brow of Iuorie, was like the seate where loue & maiestie sits inchord to enchain fancy, his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heauen, darting forth frownes with disdain, & smiles with fauour, lightning such looks as would enflame desire, were she wapt in circle of the frozen Ioane: in his cheekes the vermillion teinture of the rose flourish'd vpon naturall Alabaster, the blush of the Rose & Lunas silver shewe were so liuely pourtraied, that the Trojan that fills out Miners Iupiter, was not halfe so beutiful: his face was full of pleasure, & all the rest of his liniments proportioned with such excellencie, as Phoebe was fettered in the sweetnes of his feature. The Idea of these perfections tumbling in her minde made the poore shepherdesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempred with intollerable paines, and yet a disquiet mixed with a content, she rather wished to die than to liue in this amorous anguish. But wishing is litleworth in such extreames, and therefore was shee fozte to pine in her maladye, without any salve for her sorowes. Reueale it she durst not as, as daring in such matters to make none her secretarie, and to conceale it, why it doubled her griefe: for as fire suppress, growes to the greater flame, and the current stoppt to the more violent streame, so Loue smothered, wryngs the hart with deeper passions.

Perplexed thus with sundry agonies, her foode began to faile, and the disquiet of her minde began to worke a distemperature of



## Euphues

her body, that to be short, Phoebe fell extreame sicke, and so sicke, as there was almost left no recovery of her health. Her father seeing his faire Phoebe thus distressed, sent for his friends, who sought by medicine to cure, and by counsell to pacifie, but all in vaine: for although her body was feeble through long fasting, yet did she *magis agrotare animo quam corpore*. Which her friends perceived, and sorrowed at, but salve it they could not.

The newes of her sicknesse was byruted abroad through all the Forrest: which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but he like a mad man came to visite Phoebe. Where sitting by her bed side, he began his exordium with so many teares and sighes, that she perceiuing the extremitie of his sorowes, began now as a Louer to pittie them, although Ganimede held her from redressing them. Montanus craued to know the cause of her sicknesse: tempred with secret plaints: but she answered him, as the rest, with silence, hauing still the forme of Ganimede in her minde, and coniecturing how she might reueale her loues. To vtter it in words she found her selfe too bashfull: to discourse by any friend, she would not trust any in her amors, to remaine thus perplexed still, and conceale all, it was a double death. Whereupon for her last refuge, shee resolved to write vnto Ganimede: and therefore desired Montanus to absent himselfe a while, but not to depart, for she would see if she could steale anap. He was no sooner gone out of the chamber, but reaching her standish, she tooke pen and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.

Phoebe to Ganimede, wisheth what she wants  
her selfe.

Faire Shepheard (and therefore is Phoebe unfortunate, because thou art faire,) although hetherto myne eyes were Adamants to resist loue, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous to entertaine loue, more deuoted to fancie, then before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to the one by nature, & drawne to the other by beauty: which beeing rare, and made the more excellent by many vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phoebe, as shee rests at thy mercy, eyther to be made the most fortunate of all maydens, or the most miserable of all women. Measure not Ganimede my loues by my wealth, nor my desires by my degrees: but thinke my thought as full of faith, as thy face of amiable fauours. Then as thou knowest  
thy



## golden Legacie.

thy selfe most beautifull, suppose me most constant. If thou deemest me hard harted because I hated *Montanus*, think I was forst to it by fate: if thou saiest I am kinde hearted, because so lightely I loved thee at the first looke, thinke I was driven to it by destinye, whose influence as it is mightie, so it is not to be resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but infortunate love, I would strive with fortune: but he that wrestles against the will of *Venus*, seekes to quench fire with oyle, & to thrust out one thorne by putting in another. If *Ganimede*, love enters at the eye, harbours in the heart, & will neither be driven out with phisick nor reason: pittie me, as one whose malady hath no salve but from thy sweete selfe, whose griefe hath no ease but through thy grant, & I thinke I am a virgine who is deeply wrongd, whē I am forst to wooe & coniecture love to be strong, that is more forceable then nature. Thus distressed, unlesse by thee eased, I respect either to live fortunately by thy favour, or dye miserably by thy deniall. Living in hope. Farewell.

She that must be thine,  
or not at all, *Phoebe*.

To this Letter she annexed this Sonnet.

Sonnetto.

My boate doth passe the straights,  
of seas incast with fire,  
Fild with forgetfulnesse:  
amidst the winters night.  
A blinde and carelesse boye,  
(brought vp by fonde desire,)  
Doth guide me in the sea  
of sorrow and despight,

For euery oare, he sets  
a ranke of foolish thoughts,  
And cuts (in steed of waue)  
a hope without distresse,  
The windes of my deepe sighes,  
that thunder still for noughts.)  
Haue splyt my sailes with feare,  
with care and heauinesse.



## Euphues

A mightie storme of teares,  
A blacke and hideous clowde  
A thousand fierce disdaines,  
doe slacke the halcyards oft,  
Till ignorance doe pull,  
and errour hale the shrowds,  
No starre for safetie shines,  
no *Phoebe* from aloft,  
Time hath subdued arte, and ioy is slaue to woe,  
Alas (*Loue-guide*) be kinde, what shall I perish so?

This Letter and the Sonnet being ended, she could finde no fit messenger to send it by, and therefore she called Montanus, and intreated him to carry it to *Ganimede*. Although poore Montanus saw day at a little hole, and did perceiue what pass on pinched her, yet (that he might seeme dutifull to his *Mistres* in all seruice,) hee dissembled the matter, & became a willing messenger of his owne martyrdom. And so (taking the Letter,) went the next morne very early to the plaines where *Aliena* fed her flocks, and there he found *Ganimede* sitting vnder a *Pomegranate* tree, sorrowing for the hard fortunes of her *Rosader*. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge deliuered *Ganimede* the letters, which (he said) came from *Phoebe*. At this the wanton blusht, as being abasht to thinke what newes should come from an vnknowne shepheardesse, but taking the letters, vuript the seales, and read ouer the discourse of *Phoebes* fancies. When she had reade and ouer reade them, *Ganimede* began to smile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter: and with that called *Aliena*, to whome she shewed the writings, who hauing perused them, conceited them very pleasantly, and smiled to see how *Loue* had pokt her, who befoze would not stoope to the lure: *Aliena* whispering *Ganimede* in the eare, & saying: Knew *Phoebe* what want there were in thee to performe her will, & how vnfit thy kinde is, to be kind to her. she would be more wise, & lesse enanioured: But leauing that, I pray thee let vs sport with this *Swaime*. At this word, *Ganimede* turning to Montanus, began to glance at hym thus. I pray thee tell mee *Shepheard*, by those sweete thoughts and pleasing sighes that grow from thy *Mistres* fauours, art thou in loue with *Phoebe*? Oh my pouth, quoth Montanus, were *Phoebe*



## golden Legacie.

so far in loue with me, my flockes would be moze fat & their maister moze quiet: for through the sorowes of my discontent, growes the lean-nes of my sheepe. Alas poore swaine, quoth Ganimede, are thy passi- ons so extreame, or thy fancie so resolute, that no reason will blemish the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou strivest for with- out hope? Nothing can make me forget Phoebe, whilst Montanus for- get himselfe: for those characters which true loue hath stamped, neither the enuie of time nor fortune can wipe away. Why but Montanus q. Ganimede, enter with a deepe insight into the despaire of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies: for (poore man) thy progresse in loue, is a regresse to lesse, swimming againe the streame with the Crab, and flying with Apis Indica against winde and weather. Thou seekest with Phoebus to win Daphne, and shee flies faster then thou canst follow: thy desires soare with the Hobby, but her disdain reacheth higher then thou canst make wing. I tell thee Montanus in courting Phoebe, thou barkest with the Molues of Syria against the Moone, and rouest at such a marke with thy thoughts, as it is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to loue, when loue is pittilesse, and thy malady remedilesse. For prooue Montanus, read these Letters, wher- in thou shalt see thy great follies, and little hope.

With that Montanus tooke them and pursued them, but with such sorow in his lookes, as they bewaied course of confused passions in his heart, at euery line his colour changed, and euery sentence was en- ded with a period of sighes.

At last, noting Phoebes extreame desire towards Ganimede, and her disdain towards him, giuing Ganimede the letter, the Shep- heard stood as though he had neither wonne nor lost. Which Gani- mede perceiuing, wakened him out of his Dreame thus: Alas Mon- tanus, dost thou see thou bowest great service, and obtainest but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyaltie, she maketh thee as Bellephoron, carry thine owne bane. Then drinke not willingly of that potion wher- in thou knowest is poison, creepe not to her that cares not for thee. What Montanus, there are many as faire as Phoebe, but most of all more courteous then Phoebe. I tell thee shepheard, fauour is loues fuel, then since thou canst not get that, let the flame vanish into smoke, and rather sorow for a while, then repent thee for euer. I tell thee Ganimede, quoth Montanus as they which are stung with the Scorpion, cannot be recovered but by the Scorpion, nor hee that



## Euphues

was wounded with Achilles lance, be cured but with the same truncheon: so Apollo, was faine to try out, that loue onely eased with loue, and fancy healed by no medicine but fauour, Phoebus had hearbes to heale all hurts but this passion, Cyrces had charmes for all chances but for affection, and Mercurie subtil reasons to refell all griefes but loue. Perswasions are bootelesse, reason lends no remedy, counsell no comfort, to such whome fancy hath made resolute: and therfore though Phoebe loues Ganimede, yet Montanus must honoꝝ none but Phoebe.

Then quoth Ganimede, may I rightly tearme thee a despairing lover, that liuest without ioy, and louest without hope: but what shall I doe Montanus to pleasure thee: shal I despise Phoebe as she disdaines thee: Oh (quoth Montanus) that were to renue my griefes, and double my sorowes: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas Ganimede, though I perish in my thoughts, let not her die in her desires. Of all passions loue is most impatient: then let not so faire a creature as Phoebe sincke vnder the burden of so deep distresse. Being loue sicke, she is praued he art sicke, & all for the beauty of Ganimede. Thy portion hath entangled her affections and she is snared in the beauty of thy excellence. Then sith she loues thee so deere, mistike not her deadly. Be thou paramour to such a paragon, shee hath beautie to please thine eye, and flockes to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for moze than thou shalt win by her: for she is beautifull, vertuous and wealthy, thre deepe perswasions to make loue frolick. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the haire, and pleade that Ganimede ought to loue Phoebe, answered him thus. Why Montanus dost thou further this motion: seeing if Ganimede marry Phoebe, thy market is cleare made.

Ah Distris, (quoth he) so hath loue taught mee to honoꝝ Phoebe, that I woulde preiudice my life to pleasure her, and dye in despaire rather then shee should perriish for wante. It shall suffice me to see her contented, & to feede mine eye on her fauour. If shee mary though it be my martirdome, yet if shee be pleased, I will brooke it with patience, & triumph in mine owne stars to see her desires satisfied. Therfore if Ganimede be as courtzous as he is beautifull, let him shewe his vertues in redressing Phoebes miseries. And this Montanus pronounst with such an assured Countenance, that it amazed Aliena and Ganimede to see the resolution of his loues: for that they pittied his  
passions,



## golden Legacie.

passions, and commended his patience, deuising howe they might by any subtiltie get Montanus, the fauour of Phoebe. Straight (as womens heads are full of wiles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phoebe to fancie the Shepheard, malgrado the resolution of her minde he prosecuted his policie thus. Montanus, quoth hee, seeing Phoebe is so fozelozne, least I might be ceunted vnkinde, in not saluing so faire a creature, I will go with thee to Phoebe, and there heare her selfe in word utter that which she hath discourst with her pen, and then as loue wils mee, I will set downe my censure. I will home to our house, and send Coridon to accompany Aliena, Montanus seemed glad of his determination, and away they goe toward the house of Phoebe. When they drew nigh to the cottage, Montanus ran before and went in and tolde Phoebe that Ganimede was at the dooze. This word Ganimede sounding in the eares of Phoebe, dyoue her into such an extasie for ioy, that rising vp in her bed, shee was halfe reuued, and her warme coloure beganne to waxe redde: and with that came Ganimede in, who saluted Phoebe with such a curteous looke, that it was halfe a salue to her sorowes: sitting him downe by her bedde side, he questioned about her disease, and where the paine cheifly held her: Phoebe looking as louely as Venus in her night geare, tainting her face with as ruddy a blush as Clitia did when she bewrayed her loues to Phoebus, taking Ganimede by the hand, beganne thus. Faye shepheard, if Loue were not moze strong the Nature, or fancie the sharpest extreame, my immodestie were the moze, and my vertues the lesse: for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their hartis full of feare, and their tongues full of silence: But loue, that imperious loue, where his power is predominant, then hee peruersts all, and wrests the wealth of nature to his owne will: an instance in my selfe saye Ganimede, for such a fyre hath he kindeled in my thoughts, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modestye, and seeke a salue at thy handes for my hermes: blame mee not if I be over-bolde, for it is thy beautie, and if I bee too forwarde, it is fancie, and the deepe insight into thy vertues that make me thus fonde. For let me say in a word what may be contained in a volume, Phoebe loues Ganimede, at thys she helde downe her head and wept, and Ganimede rose as one that would suffer no liue to hang on his fingers, made this reply. Wauer not thy plantes Phoebe, for I doe pittie thy plaints, nor seeke not



## Euphues

to discover thy loves in teares: for I coniecture thy truth by thy passions: sorrow is no salve for loves, nor sighes no remedy for affection. Therefore frolicke Phoebe, for if Ganimede can cure thee, doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieved me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires haue beene so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall: but thou alledgest that thou art forst from him by fate, so I tell thee Phoebe, either some star, or else some destiny, fits my minde rather with Adonis to die in chace, then be counted a wanton on Venus kuce. Although I pity thy martyrdome, yet I cannot grant na marriage, for though I helde thee faire, yet mine eye is not fettered, loue growes not like the hearbe Spattanna to his perfection in one night, but creepes with the snaille, and yet at last attaines to the top Festina Lenter especially in loue, for momentary fancies are often times the fruites of follies: If Phoebe I should like thee as the Hyperborei doe their dates, which banquet with them in the morning, and throw them away at night, my folly should be great, & thy repentance moze. Therefore I wil haue time to turn my thoughts and my loves shall grow up as the water-crelles, slowly, but with a deepe roote. Thus Phoebe thou maist see I disdaine not, though I desire not, remaining indifferent, till time and loue makes me resolute. Therefore Phoebe, seeke not to suppress affection, and with the loue of Montanus quench the remembrance of Ganimede, strue thou to hate me, as I seeke to like of thee, and euer haue the duties of Montanus in thy minde, for I promise thee thou maist haue one moze wealthy, but not moze loyall. These words were cozassues to the perplexed Phoebe, that sobbing out sighes, and straining out teares, shee blubbered out these words.

And shall I then haue no salve of Ganimede but suspence, no hope but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but bee posted off to the will of Time: iust haue the Gods ballant my fortunes, who beeing cruell to Montanus, found Ganimede as unkinde to my selfe: so in forcing him perrish for loue, I shall dye my selfe with ouer-much Loue. I am glad quoth Ganimede, you looke into your owne faultes, and see where your Shode wrings you, measuring now the paines of Montanus by your owne passions. True quoth Phoebe, & so deeply I repent mee of my frowardnesse towards the Shephearde, that could I cease to Loue Ganimede, I woulde resolute to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phoebe to mislike of Ganimede,



## golden Legacie

Ganimede, will thee then fauour Montanus: When reason, quoth she, doth quench that loue that I owe to thee, then will I fancy him: conditionally, that if my loue can be suppress with no reason, as beeing without reason, Ganimede will onely wed him selfe to Phoebe. I grant it faire shepheardsse quoth hee, and to feede thee with the sweetness of hope, this resolute on: I will neuer marry my selfe to woman but to thy selfe: and with that Ganimede gaue Phoebe, a fruitlesse kisse, & such words of comfort, that before Ganimede departed, she arose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus such cheere, as could be found in such a Country cottage. Ganimede in the midst of their banquet, rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus fauour, which highly pleased the Shepheard. Thus all three content, and soothed up in hope, Ganimede tooke his leaue of Phoebe and departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased.

But poore Ganimede, who had her thoughts on Rosader, when shee cald to remembrance his wounds, filld her eyes full of teares, and her heart full of sorrowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the folds, thinking with her presence to driue away her passions. As shee came on the plaines, shee might espie where Rosader and Saladine sate with Aliena under the shade: which sight was a salve to her griefe, and such a coridall vnto her heart, that shee tript amongst the Dalanes full of ioy. At last Coridon who was with them spied Ganimede, and with that the Clowne rose, & running to meete him cryed, Oh sirra, a match, a match, our Distresse shall be married on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolickt it before Ganimede, who coming to the crue, saluted them all and especially Rosader, saying that he was glad to see him so well recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroad so soone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which on Sunday nere must be solemnized, betweene my brother and Aliena. I see wel where loue leads, delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serues where both the parties are willing. Truth q. Ganimede, but what a happie day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynd? Ah good Ganimede, quoth he, by naming Rosalynd, reuile not my sorrowes: for the thought of her perfections, is the thrall of my miseries. Cuth, be of good cheere man quoth Ganimede, I haue a friend that is deeply experient in Negromancie and Magicke, that arte can doe shall be acted for thine advantage. I will cause to bring in Rosalynd, if eyther Auncie or my brodering Nation harbour her,



## Euphues

her, and upon that take the faith of a young shepherde. Aliena smilde to see how Rosader frownde, thinking that Ganimede had iested with him. But breaking off from those matters, the Page somewhat pleasant, began to discourse vnto the what had past betweene him and Phoebe: which as they laught, so they wondred at all, confessing that there is none so chaste but loue wil change. Thus they past away the day in chat, and when the Sunne began to set, they tooke their leaues and departed: Aliena providing for their marriage day such solemne cheere & handsome robes as fitted their contry state, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader, had promised to bring Gerismond thither as a guest. Ganimede (who then ment to discouer her selfe before her Father, had made her a gowne of greene, and a kirtle of the finest sendall, in such sorte that she seemed some heauenly Nymph harboured in countrie attyre.

Saiding, was not behinde in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader remindfull to bid guests, who inuited Gerismond & all hys followers to the feast: who willingly graunted, so that there was nothing but the day wanting to his marriage. In the meane while, Phoebe being a hidden guest, made her selfe as gorgeous as might please the eye of Ganimede: and Montanus suted himselfe with the ceste of many of his flockes to be gallant against that day: for then was Ganimede, to giue Phoebe an answer of her loues, and Montanus, either to heare the doome of his misery, or the censure of his happines. But while this gear was a biewing, Phoebe past not one day without visting her Ganimede so farre was shee wrapt in the beauties of this louely Swaine. Much prattle they had, and discourse of many passions, Phoebe, wished for the day as she thought (of her wellfare, and Ganimede smiling to think what vnerpected euents would fall out at the wedding. In these humors the weeke went away, that at last Sunday came.

No sooner did Phoebus Vench-man appeare in the skye, to giue warning that hys Maisters horses should bee trapt in hys glorious Courche, but Coridon in his holypay sute meruelous seemely, in a russet iacket, welted with the same, and faced with redde Moxsted, hauing a paire of blewe Chamblet sleeues, bounde at the wrestles with foure yellow laces, closed afoze very ritchly with a dozen of Pewter Buttons: his hose was of Graye Karsie, with a large flap, bared ouer-thwart the Pocket holes with thre faire guardes, sticht of eyther side with Red thred: hys Stocke was of the owne, sewed close to  
his



## golden Legacie.

his breech, and for to beautifie his hose, he had trust himselfe round with a dosen of newe threddepoints of medly coullour: his bonnet was greene, whereon stood a copper brooch with the picture of Saynt Denis, and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old daies, he had a faire shyp band of fine Lockerani, whipt ouer with Countrey blew of no small cost. Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had strowed all the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floracs choyce bowers, than any Countrey cottage.

Thether repaired, Phoebe with all the maides of the Forrest, to set out the bride in most seemly sort that might be, but howsoever she helpt to prance out Aliena, yet her eye was still on Ganimedé, who was so neate in a sute of gray, that he seemed Endymion when hee wonne Luna with his lookes, or Paris when he plaid the Swaine to get the beauty of the Nymph Oenone. Ganimedé like a pretty Page waited on his Mistres Aliena: and ouerlookt that all was in readines against the bridegroom should come. The attired in a Forresters sute, came accompanied with Gerismond and his brother Rosader early in the morning, where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena & the rest of the Countrey swaines, Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choyce of Saladine, in that he had chosen a shepheardesse, whose vertues appeared in her outward beauties: beeing no lesse faire then seeming modest. Ganimedé comming in, and seeing her father, began to blush. Nature working affects by her secreete effects: scarce could shee abstaine from teares to see her father in so low fortunes: he that was wont to sit in his royall pallace, attended on by twelue noble Peeres, now to be contented with a simple Cottage, and a troope of reuellling woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall, made Ganimedé full of sorowes: yet that shee might triumph ouer fortune, with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumps shee smothered her melancholly with a shadowe of myrrh, and very reuerently welcommed the King, not according to his former decree, but to his present estate, with such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite Person, and excellent qualities.

As thus the King with his Forresters frolickt it among the shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire Gazer full of Sinar, and presented it to Gerismond, with such a Clownish salute, that he



## Euphues

he began to singe, &ooke it of the olde Shepheard very kindly, drin-  
king to Aliena and the rest of her faire maides, amongst whom Phoe-  
be was the foremost. Aliena pledged the King, and dranke to Rasader:  
so the carrowle went round from him to Phoebe, &c. As they were  
thus drinking and ready to goe to Church, came in Montanus, appar-  
relled all in sawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his heade hee  
wore a gatland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, whereon was  
painted despaire, and on his sheephooke hung two Sonnets, as la-  
bles of his loues and fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of griefe as  
his hart was of sorrows, shewing in his countenance the map of extre-  
mities. As soone as the shepheards saw him, they did him all the hono-  
r they could, as being the flower of all the swaines in Arden: for a bon-  
nier boy was there not seene since the wanton wag of Troy, that kept  
sheepe in Ida. He seeing the king, & getting it to be Gerismond, did him  
all the reuerence his countrey cuttelle could afforde. In so much that the  
king wondring at his attire, began to question what he was. Montanus  
euer-hearing him, made this reply. I am sir q. he, Loues swaine, as full  
of inward discontents as I seeme fraught with outward follies. My  
eyes like Bees delight in sweete flowers, but sucking their fill on the  
face of beauty, they carry home to the Hine of my heart, far more  
goule then honny, and for one drop of pure dewe, a tunne full of deadly  
Aconitum. I hunt with the fly to pursue the Eagle, that flying too nigh  
the Sun, I perish with the Sun: my thoughts are aboue my reach, &  
my desires more then my Fortunes: yet neither greater then my loues.  
But daring with Prometheus, I fall with Icarus, and seeking to passe the  
meane, I die far being so meane, my night sleepes are waking slumbers,  
as full of sorrows as they be far from rest, and my dayes labours are  
fruitlesse amors, staring at a Carre, and stumbling at a strawe,  
leauing reason to follow after repentance: yet euery passion is a plea-  
sure though it pinch, because loue hides his worme-seede in figs, his  
poisons in sweete pactions, and shadows preiudice with the maske of  
pleasure. The wisest counsellors are my deepe discontents, and I hate  
that which should faile me my harme, like the patient which stung with the  
Tarantula, loathes musick, and yet the disease incurable but by mela-  
die. Thus sir, restless I hold my selfe remedlesse, as louing with-  
out either reward or regard, and yet longing, because there is none  
worthy to be loved, but the Objects of my thoughts. And that I am



## golden Legacie.

as full of passions as I haue discoursed in my plaines, for if you please, see my Sonnets, and by them censure of my sorowes.

These words of Montanus, brought the King into a great wonder, amazed as much at his witte as at his attire: insomuch that hee tooke the papers off his booke, and read them to this effect.

Montanus first Sonnet.

A! as how wander I amidst these woods,  
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde access:  
But where the melancholly fleeting floods,  
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse.  
Disarmed of reason, spoild of natures goods,  
Without redresse to salve my heavinesse.

I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes,  
With endlesse grieve my heedlesse iudgment charmes.)  
My silent tongue assailed by secret feare,  
My traitorous eyes imprisoned in their ioy,  
My fatall peace deuoured in fained cheere,  
My hart inforced to harbour in annoy,  
My reason robd of power by yeelding care,  
My fond opinions slaue to euery toye.

Oh Loue, thou guide in my vncertaine way,  
Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

*Ex florida pungunt.*

When the King had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the deuice of the Shephard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a shadow, and so couerly conceale that which bred his chiefest discontent: affirming, that as the least shrubs haue their tops, the smallest haire their shadowes, so the meanest twaines had their fancies, and in their kinde were as charie of loue as a King. Whetted on with this deuice, he tooke the second and read it, the effects were these.

Montanus second Sonnet.

When the Dog  
Full of rage,

With his irefull eyes  
Frownes amidst the skyes:  
The shephard to asswage  
The furie of the heate,  
Himselfe doth safely seate

By a fount

Full of faire,

Where a gentle breath  
mounting from beneath,  
Tempereth the ayre.  
There his flocks  
Drinke their fill,

O,

And



## Euphues

And with ease repose  
 Whilst sweete sleepe doth close  
 Eyes from toiling ill.  
 But I burne  
 Without rest,  
 No defensive power  
 Shields from Phoebes lower:  
 Sorrow is my best  
 Gentle Loue  
 Lowre no more;

If thou wilt invade,  
 In the secret shade:  
 Labour not so sore,  
 I my selfe  
 And my flockes  
 They their loue to please,  
 I my selfe to ease,  
 Both leaue the shadie Oakes  
 Content to burne in fire,  
 Sith Loue doth so desire.

*Es florida pungunt.*

Gerismond seeing the pithy vaine of those sonnets, began to make further enquiry what he was: whereupon Rosader discoursed vnto him the loue of Montanus to Phoebe, his great loialtie, & her great cruelty & how in reuenge, the Gods had made the curious Nymph amorous of yong Ganimede. Upon this discourse the King was desirous to see Phoebe, who heeing brought befoze Gerismond by Rosader, shadowed the beauty of her face with such a vermillion teinture, that the kings eyes began to dazell at the purity of her excellence. After Gerismond had fed his lookes a while vpon her faire, he questioned with her, why she rewarded Montanus loue with so little regarde, seeing his deserts were many, and his passions extream. Phoebe to make reply to the kings demaund, answered thus, loue (sir) is charity in his lawes, & whatsoeuer he sets downe for iustice (be it neuer so vniust) the sentence cannot be reuerst: womens fancies lend fauours not euer by desert, but as they are inforced by their desires: for fancy is tyed to the wings of Fate, and what the starres decree, stands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wise, and womens eares are greatly delighted with witte, as hardly escaping the charme of a pleasant tongue, as Vlissee the melody of the Syrens. Montanus is beautiful, and womens eyes are snared in the excellence of objects, as desirous to feede their lookes with a faire face, as the Bee to suck on a sweet flower, Montanus, is wealthy, and an ounce of giue mee, perswades a woman more then a pound of heare mee.

Danae was wone with a golden shower, when she could not be gotten with all the intreaties of Iupiter: I tell you sir, the stringe of a womans hart reacheth to the pulse of her hande, and let a man rub that with gold, and tis hard but she will proue his harts galde.

Montanus



## golden Legacie.

Montanus is yong, a great claue in fancies Court: Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that leue yeelds, and yet knowing all these perfections, I praise them, and wonder at them, louing the quallities, but not affecting the person, because the Destinies haue set downe a contrary censure. Yet Venus to adde reuenge, hath giuen me wine of the same grape, a sip of the same sauce, and firing me with the like passion, hath crost me with as ill a penance: for I am in loue with a shepheards swaine, as coy to me, as I am cruell to Montanus, as peremptory in disdain, as I was peruerse in desire, and that is, q. shee, Alienaes page, yong Ganimede.

Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede, who knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the Chyrtall of his face with a ruddy brightnesse. The King noting well the phisnomie of Ganimede, began by his fauours to call to minde the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore: Because Rosader quoth he the fauour of Ganimede put me in minde of Rosalynd. At this worde, Rosader sigh'd as deeply as though his heart would haue burst. And whats the matter quoth Gerismond, that you quite me with such a sigh: Pardon me sir, (quoth Rosader,) because I loue none but Rosalind. And vpon that condition, q. Gerismond, that Rosalynd were heere, I would this day make vp a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head, and smild vpon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keepe countenance. Yet shee salued all with secrecie, and Gerismond to driue away such dumps, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phoebes loue, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine: Ganimede mildly answered, if I should affect the faire Phoebe, I should offer pooze Montanus great wrong, to win that from him in a moment, that he hath labored for so many months. Yet haue I promised to the beautiful shepheardesse, to wed my selfe neuer to woman except vnto her, but with this promise, that if I can with reason suppress Phoebes loue towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To that q. Phoebe I stand, for my loue is so farre beyond reason, as it will admit no perswasion of reason. For iustice quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond, and to his censure wil I stand quoth Phoebe. And in your victory, q. Montanus, standes the hazarde of my fortunes: for if Ganimede



## Euphues

goe away with the conquest, Montanus is in conceite loues Monarch:  
if Phoebe win then am I in effect most miserable. Wee will see this  
controuersie q. Gerismond, & then we will to Church, therefore Ga-  
nime de let vs heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while  
q. she, and you shall see one in store. In went Ganimede and dressed her-  
selfe in womans attyre, hauing on a gowne of greene, with a kirtle of  
ritch sandall, so quaint, that shee seemed Diana triumphing in the  
fozrest: vpon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gaue her such  
a grace, that she looked like *Flora* peakt in the pride of all her flow-  
ers. Thus attired came Rosalynd in and presented herselfe at her fa-  
thers seete, with her eyes full of teares, crauing his blessing, and dis-  
coursing vnto him all her fortunes, how she was banished by Toris-  
mond, and how euer since she liued in that countrey disguised. Geris-  
mond seeing his daughter, rose from his seate, & fell vpon her necke,  
vtering the passions of his ioy in watery plants, driuen into such an  
extasie of content that hee could not vter one word. At this sight, if  
Rosader was both amased and ioyfull, I referre my selfe to the iudg-  
ment of such that haue experience in loue, seeing his Rosalynd befoze  
his face, whom so long and so deeply he had affected. At last Geris-  
mond recouered his spirits, and in most fatherly tearmes entertained  
his daughter Rosalynd, after many questiōs demaunding of her what  
had past betweene her and Rosader. So much sir, q. she, as there  
wants nothing but your Grace to make vp the mariage. Why then q.  
Gerismond, Rosader take her, she is thine, and let this day solemnize  
both thy brothers and thy nuptials. Rosader beyond measure content,  
humble thanked the King, & embraced his Rosalind, who turning to  
Phoebe, demaunded if shee had shewed sufficient reason to suppress  
the force of her loues. Yea, q. Phoebe, and so great a perswasie, that  
if it please you Madam and Aliena to giue vs leaue, Montanus and  
I will make this day the third couple in marriage. She had no soo-  
ner spoke this word, but Montanus threw away his Garlande of  
willow, his bottle, where was painted despaire, and cast his Son-  
nets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolicke as Paris when he han-  
seled his Leue with Helina. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled,  
and concluded that Montanus and Phoebe should keepe their wed-  
ding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladyne stand in a dump  
to wake him from his dreame, began thus. Why how nowe my  
Saladine, all a mozt, what malancholy man at the day of mariage?  
perchance



## golden Legacie.

perchance thou art sorrowfull to thinke on thy Brothers high fortunes, and thine owne base desires to chuse so meane a shepheardise. Cheere vp thy heart man, for this day thou shalt be married to the daughter of a King: for now Saladine, I am not Aliena, but Alinda the daughter of thy mortall enimie Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising vpp took Alinda in his armes, and saide. Is this that faire Alinda famous for so many vertues, that forsooke her fathers court to liue with thee exiled in the country? The same q. Rosalynd. Then q. Gerismond, turning to Saladyne, iolly Forrester be frolicke, for thy fortunes are greate and thy desires excellent, thou hast got a princeesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. And she hath with her beauty won, quoth Saladine, an humble seruant, as full of amiable fauour. While euery one was amazed at these Comicall euent, Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the Priest was at Church, and carried their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed, where to the admiration of the countrey Swaines in Arden, their marriages were solemnly solemnized. As soone as the Priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readynes. Dinner was prouided, and the tables being spreadde, and the Brides set downe by Gerismond, Rosader, Saladine, and Montanus, that day were seruitors: homely cheere they had, such as their country coulde afforde: but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourses of their loues & fortunes. About midde dinner, to make them merry, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of myrth, to which he sung thys pleasant song.

Coridons Song.

A blythe and bonny country Lasse,  
heigh ho the bonny Lasse,  
Sate sighing on the tender grasse:  
and weeping said, will none come wooe me,  
A smicker boy, a lither Swaine,  
heigh ho a smicker swaine:  
That in his loue was wanton faine,  
with smiling lookes straight came vnto her.

When as the wanton wench espide,  
heigh ho when she espide:



## Euphues

The meane to make herselfe a bride,  
She simpred smooth like bonny bell:  
The swaine that saw he squint eyed kind,  
heigh ho squint eyed kind,  
His armes about her body twind,  
and faire Lasse, how faire ye, well.

The countrey kit said well forsooth,  
heigh ho well forsooth,  
But that I haue a longing tooth,  
a longing tooth that makes me cry:  
Alas said he what garres thy griefe,  
heigh ho what garres thy griefe,  
A wound quoth she without releefe,  
I feare a maide that I shall die.

If that be all the shepheard said,  
heigh ho the shepheard said,  
He make thee wine it gentle maide,  
and so recure thy malady,  
Heereon they kist with many a oath,  
heigh ho with many a oath,  
And fore God Pan did plight their troath,  
and to the church they hyed them fast.

And God send euery pretty peate  
heigh ho the pretty peate:  
That feares to die of this conuete,  
so kinde a friend to help at last.

Coridon hauing thus made them merry, as they were in the midst of their iollity, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader, that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine was arrived, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond ouer-hearing this newes, demaunded who it was: It is sir, q. Rosader, my middle brother, that liues a scholar in Paris: but what fortune hath bzruen him to seeke vs out I know not. With that Saladyne went and met his brother, whome he welcomed with all curtesie, and Rosader gaue him no lesse friendly entertainment: brought he was by his two brothers into the parlor, where they



## golden Legacie.

they all sate at dinner. Fernandine as one that knew as many manners as he could points of sophistry, and was as well brought up as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espyed Gerismond, kneeling on his knee, he did him what reuerence belonged to his estate: & with that burst forth into these speeches. Although (right mighty Prince) this day of my brothers marriage be a day of mirth, yet time craues another course: and therfore from dainty cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Syr Iohn of Bourdeaux, leaue off your amors & fall to armes, change your loues into lances, & now this day shewe your selues valiant, as hether to you haue bin passionate. For know Gerismond that hard by at the edg of this Forrest, the twelue Peers of France are up in armes to recouer thy right, & Torismond troopt with a crue of desperate runnagates, is ready to bid them battaile. The Armies are ready to ioyne: therfore shew thy selfe in the fild to encourage thy subiects: and you Saladine and Rosader mount you & shew your selues as hardy souldiers as you haue bin hartly Louers, so shal you for the benift of your cuntry, discouer the Idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, & prooue children worthy of so honorable a parent. At this alarum giuen him by Fernandine, Gerismond leapt from the boord, & Saladine & Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. May q. Gerismond goe with mee, I haue horse & armour for vs all, & then being well mounted, let vs shew that we carry reuenge and honoz at our fauchons points. Thus they leaue the brides full of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father, he not returning a word because his hast was great, hied him home to his lodge, where he deliuered Saladine & Rosader horse & armour, & himselfe armed royally, led the way: not hauing ridden two leagues befoze they discovered where in a valley both the battailes were ioyned. Gerismond seeing the wing wherein the Peeres fought, thrust in there, and cryed S. Denis, laying on such loades vpon his enemies, that he shewed how highly he did estimate of a crowne. When y<sup>e</sup> Peeres perceiued that their lawfull king was there, they grew moze egre: & Saladine & Rosader so behaued themselves, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide y<sup>e</sup> fury of their weapons. To be short, the Peeres were conquerors, Torismonds army put to flight & himselfe flaine in battaile. The peeres then gathered themselves together, & saluted their king, conducted him iually into Paris, wher he was receiued with great ioy of al y<sup>e</sup> citizens

A. Neone



## Euphues

Assoone as all was quiet, and he had receiued againe the crowne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalynd to the Court, Alinda being very passionate for the death of her father: yet brooking it with the more patience, in that shee was contented with the welfare of her Saladyne. Well, assoone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royall feast for the Peeres and the Lords of his Lande, which continued thirty dayes, in which time summoning a Parliament by the consent of his Nobles, he created Rosader heyre apparant to the kingdom, he restored Saladyne to his fathers Lande, and gaue him the Dukedome of Nameurs, he made Fernandine principall Secretary to himselfe: and that Fortune might euery way seeme frolicke, made Montanus Lord ouer all the Forrest of Arden: Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings Guard, and Coridon Maister of Aindacs Rocks.

**H**Eere Gentlemen may you see in Euphues golden Legacie, that such as neglect their fathers precepts, incur much preiudice, that diuision in nature, as it is a blemish in nurture, so is a breach of good fortunes, that vertue is not measured by birth but by action, that younger brethren though inferiour in yeares, yet may be superior to honours: that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie betwixt brothers more forceable then fortune. If you gather any fruite by this Legacie, speake well of Euphues for writing it, and me for fetching it. If you grace me with that fauour, you encourage mee to be more forward: and assoone as I haue over-looke my labours, expect the Sailers Kalender.

FINIS.

Th. Lodge.

LONDON

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